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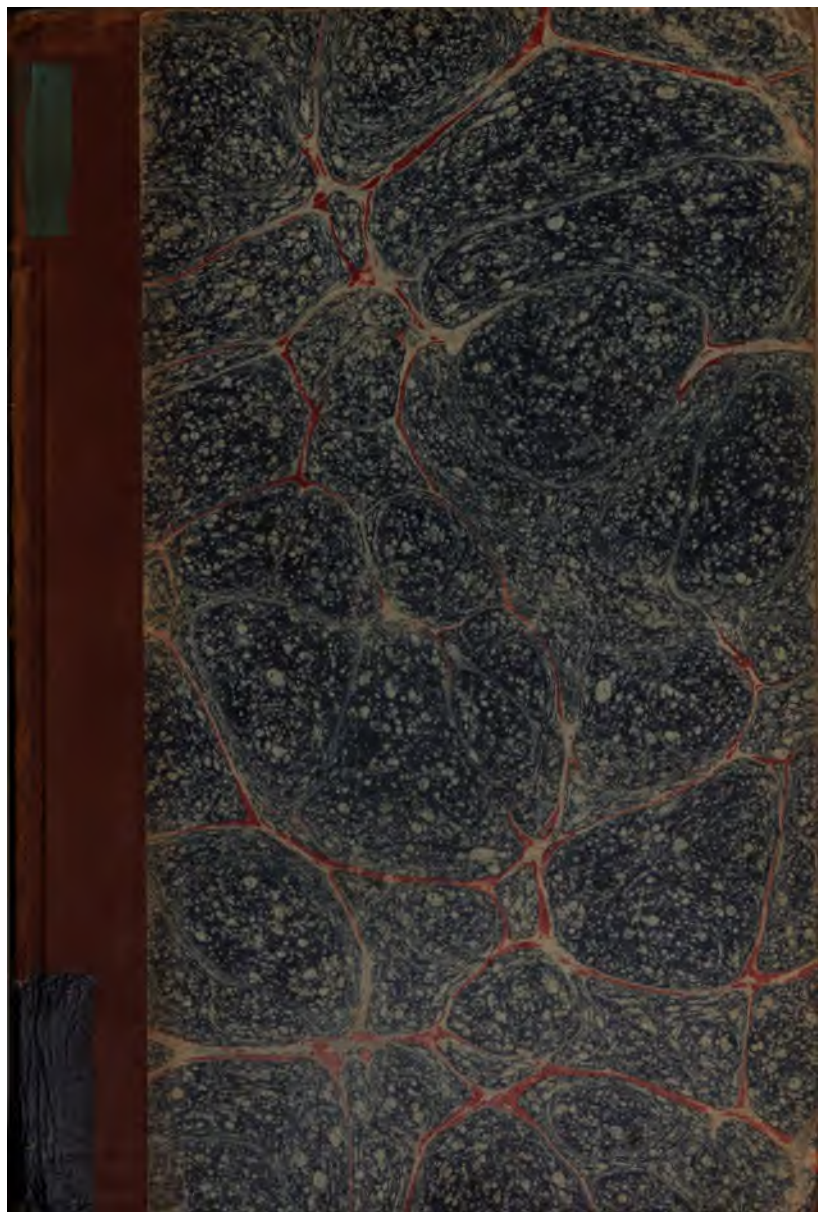
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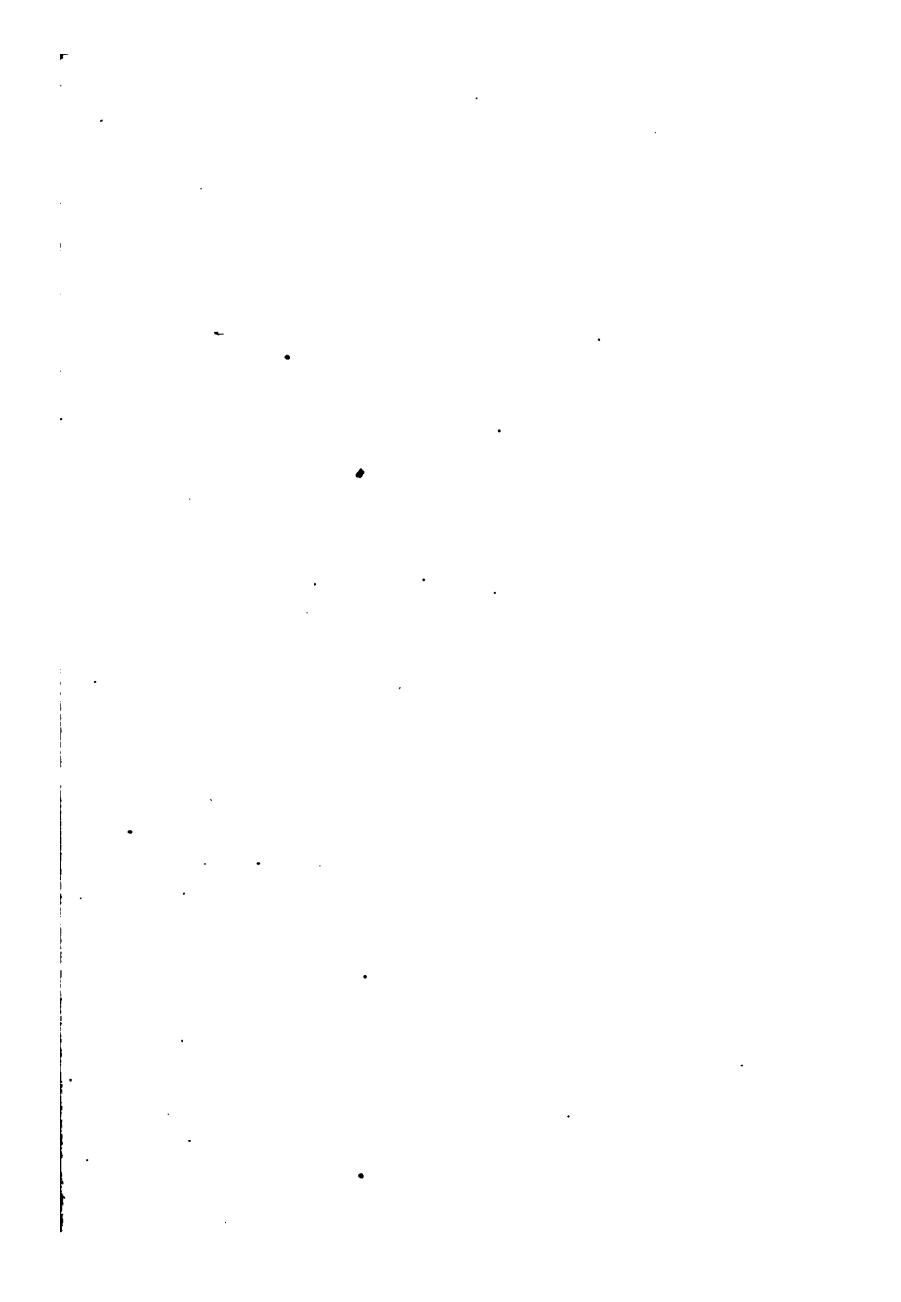
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THE

# LAIRD OF LOGAN:

OR,

## ANECDOTES AND TALES

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

WIT AND HUMOUR OF SCOTLAND.

---

GLASGOW:—DAVID ROBERTSON,  
BOOKSELLER TO HER MAJESTY,  
AND BLACKIE & SON; OLIVER & BOYD, EDINBURGH;  
LONGMAN & CO., AND SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO., LONDON;  
AND JAMES M'GLASHAN, DUBLIN.

MDCCLXIII.

270. C. 13.



**TO**  
**HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT,**  
**THIS COLLECTION**  
**OF**  
**SCOTTISH WIT AND HUMOUR**  
**IS,**  
**WITH PERMISSION,**  
**DEDICATED.**

**BY**  
**HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS' MOST DUTIFUL**  
**AND MOST OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,**  
**THE EDITOR.**



## PREFACE.

---

IN preparing the present Volume for the press, great care has been taken to exclude every thing with which the public were previously acquainted ; for, notwithstanding all the ingenious expedients of the culinary art, we fear our homely national apothegm will still hold true, that "Cauld kail het again is aye pat-tasted," which is equivalent to intimating in the English tongue, that no art of the cook can disguise a dish presented a second time at table. Such anecdotes and stories as have before appeared in type, obtained only a local currency ; but the reception given to them in this neighbourhood, induced us to believe that the world would also acknowledge them to be the sterling mint-age of the brain, and would aid in giving them a wider circulation. No expression or allusion having the least tendency to offend correct morals has been admitted. Our object was to "point a moral," as well as to "adorn a tale."

We should be guilty of great ingratitude, did we not acknowledge the assistance received from all quarters in the "Land of Cakes," without which we fear our pages would have wanted much of the racy humour which the public admits they possess. In particular do we owe our thanks to Dr. ANDREW CRAWFURD, Lochwinnoch, who furnished many of the anecdotes, and almost the whole Glossary, or "Key to the Passage." The terms and illustrations with the initial X. are from his pen.

THE EDITOR.

# NEW BEARINGS

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REV. WALTER DUNLOP.

**THE REV. WALTER DUNLOP** was minister in one of the churches, Dumfries, belonging to the Synod of the Relief, now joined with the Secession Church; and taking the name of the United Presbyterian Church. Mr D. was a gentleman of the most facetious turn in conversation; his wit and humour are known over the whole church with which he was connected. He only died within these few years (1852).

**MR DUNLOP** was returning one evening from visiting some families in the country, and as he approached the town, he observed an oldish dame in a towering passion at some geese who had taken liberties in a field of oats. With uplifted hands she cried, "Deil choke you, ye lang neckit brutes, brokin' the guid corn that gait!" Mr D. passed on without taking notice

of the offensive expression. He had not proceeded far when he came up to a man whose attire and occupation proclaimed his country and his craft. "Come out," cried Paddy to a drove of grunTERS who had trespassed on a field of oats; "come out, ye thundering thieves, from the corn—your mouth's nothing to what you are putting under your feet. May *Ould Nick* take ye by the throat, and choke ye in a moment, every robber of ye!" Mr D. could not allow the second reference to pass unnoticed, and, with his usual caustic humour apologised, "Ye maun excuse him for a wee; he's thrang, as I passed, choking some geese east the road a bit, but I hae nae doubt he'll be wi' ye immediately."

#### A GOOD COOK.

MR DUNLOP was a very decided dissenter, and held and maintained what is called voluntary church principles. Immediately after the disruption in the Church of Scotland, the late Dr Cook of St Andrew's, who was considered the best authority on the laws and usages of the National Church of his day, happened to be in Dumfries, and one of the town clergy introduced Mr Dunlop to him. "I am glad to be introduced to you, Dr Cook; glad to see you! Really, sir, ye hae been lang *cooking* at these non-intrusionists, but ye hae fairly dished them at last."

#### FINE AND CAUTION.

At the River Bailie Court in Glasgow, an individual was brought to the bar for a breach of the harbour and river police regulations. The presiding judge fined the offender in half-a-guinea. The culprit, as usual, pled in mitigation of the penalty. "Na, na," said the implacable magistrate, "if ye think it ower dear, dinna come back again."

#### PETITION AND ANSWER.

A TORY scion of a worthy parochial clergyman said to his father, on the passing of the civic Reform Bill, "Father, you

have been petitioning ever since I recollect for inferior magistrates; you have got your petition answered now."

#### AN IRISH QUALIFICATION FOR CIVIC OFFICE.

"WELL! what am I to give you for carrying in that waggon of coal?" said a gentleman to an Irish burden-bearer of the black diamond. "Just what your honor plaises." "Is that your charge?" "Yes, Sir." "Well, I'll give you tenpence." "Tenpence! tenpence! sure your honor would not disgrace yourself by giving a tenpenny for carrying in them cruel load of coals." "Then I'll just pay you at the rate fixed by the Lord Provost and Magistrates; here it is in this printed book," taking up the Glasgow Directory. "Very well, please read it, your honor." "For carrying in a waggon load of coal, up two stairs, tenpence." "An' is that printed?" "I have read it to you." "More shame to them; the Lord Provost and Magistrates never carried coals themselves, or else they would not have ordered only tenpence for such a cruel load of work."

#### CLEARING SCORES.

A FEW gentlemen going home from a supper party, amongst whom was the late amiable John Imlah, writer of many very popular Scottish songs, were accosted by Hawkie for the beggar's impost. "There's a halfpenny," says Mr Imlah, "will that do?" "No," says the collector, "it will not pay for ye a'." "How much, then, are we owing to you?" "I was looking ower my books last nicht, and I think you are owing me tippence." "How much will you let us off for—past, present, and to come?" "Pope Leo X., in the sixteenth century, commenced the sale of indulgences, for the purpose of aggrandising his church, and the barlot kirk never fairly damned hersel' till then, and I'm no gaun to follow such an example."

#### A POLITICAL HAT.

"THAT's a shocking like hat you have got on your head,

Hawkie—you never have anything like a decent one, but that is certainly the worst I ever saw on your head, or I may say on that of any other." "I got it at Paddy's market," said the wit, "an' it's made on the sliding scale," said he, taking it off and lifting off the upper portion; "man, I kent the sliding scale afore Peel."

#### A BEGGAR'S CHARGE.

"WHAT will ye charge to teach me the profession of begging, Hawkie? you have been so long prosecuting that business, you should be well qualified to teach." "Man," replied Hawkie, "ye couldna apply to a better hand: I'll just tak' ye on the terms the poor weavers used to tak' their apprentices; I'll gie the half o' your winning."

#### A SECOND INTRODUCTION NECESSARY.

DAVID VEDDER, who fills several goodly pages in "Whistle-binkie" with the effusions of his lyric muse, is a jolly fellow, measuring at least a yard across from one shoulder tip to the other. Our publisher queried at William Miller, author of "Willie Winkie," what he thought of Mr Vedder, to whom he had introduced him? "He's such a big man, one would need to be introduced to him oftener than ance, or twice either, afore you could know him."

#### A DISCHARGE NOT SUSTAINED.

HAWKIE accosted a gentleman, and held out the shrivelled hand. "I have no time just now, Hawkie, to give you anything." "It canna tak' ye muckle time to gie me a halfpenny." "I gave you a penny, Hawkie, just the other day." "Maybe ye did, but I'm just as needfu' now as I was then." "Well! well, there's a halfpenny again." "Thank ye, Sir! that clears scores meantime."

## REMINDING OF DEBT.

"HAE ye ony intention o' paying your debts?" said Hawkie, with that readiness of adapting his address to his customer which always distinguished him. "It's hard times, Hawkie. I can't afford to give you anything." "You're no yoursel' in sic circumstances: I am on mair than full time, and havena half pay."

## A SCOTCH WITNESS.

At the Glasgow Circuit Court, a few years ago (1852), a trial came on of some persons accused of having assaulted and grievously maltreated an elderly working man, who, with his wife, had gone to enjoy the festivities usual at a fair in a village near Dumbarton. The assault, from the testimony of the old man, and the marks of violence even then visible on his person, seemed to have been unprovoked and aggravated. His evidence was corroborated by that of others who had been present, and especially by his wife, who was minutely examined. She was a gash country woman, quite at her ease in telling all she had seen and heard, and her evidence appeared to satisfy the Court of the truth of the charge. In this state of things, the prisoner's counsel evidently thought it hopeless to insist on the negative defence he had previously made for him, unless he could stultify the witness, and destroy the effect of her testimony, by making it out that she had been so much under the influence of drink at the time, as to have disabled her from observing *distinctly* what had happened.

Accordingly the panel's counsel, who was somewhat small in size, slender and sallow in complexion, got up from the seat occupied by him, which was, as usual, on the side of the bar opposite to the crown counsel, who had just concluded his examination of the witness, and which, rather unfortunately for the contemplated aim of the panel's counsel, not only obliged him to stand considerably below the witness, who was perched up in the witness box close behind, and several feet above him, but forced him either to speak with his back to her, or with upturned

side-face and averted eyes. These undignified alternatives were meantime imposed on him by the crowding of persons around the bar at the time, but as if in despair, he boldly tried to make the best of it. Assuming an ease which he could scarcely feel, and without looking up to her, he called out in an affectedly fine English style,—

“ Well, Missis, you say you were at Renton last fair day ; pray let me know at what hour you got there ? ”

The witness, not perceiving the counsel immediately under where she was standing, but hearing a voice, gazed wildly around, as if at a loss to discover whence it came, and what was said ; and having remained silent, the counsel, turning up the side of his head, and looking keenly at her, repeated his question.

On hearing his address, the witness, whether puzzled by his English phraseology, or otherwise, bent forward, and eyeing him rather superciliously, said,—

“ What’s your wull, Sir ? ”

Her coolness was entire ; and on the counsel slowly repeating the question, she answered,—

“ Ou, we just gaed there like ither folk, to be shure, whan the fair began.”

“ But at what hour was that ? ” asked the counsel.

The witness here began to hold some kind of conversation with the interrogator, which being inaudible to the Jury, was stopt by the presiding Judge, Lord Moncrieff ; and the witness being admonished to speak aloud, and to address the Court, she forthwith stood erect, and said,—

“ Deed I wasna mindin’ the hours ; for the gudeman and me, after leavin’ hame, had a gay bit to gang, an’ we forgather’t wi’ sae mony acquaintances on the way, and had sae mony cracks, that it was far up i’ the day ere we got into the fair.”

“ Well, Missis,” said the counsel, “ had you any drink that day ? ”

With a curiously suspicious stare, the witness said,—

“ I’s warran’ we had drink like our neighbours.”

“ Well, Missis, had you much drink, or were you and the gudeman in many houses drinking ? ”

"Ou, atweel we called on a' our friends, and we had the offer o' drink frae them a'."

Here the counsel, by strict questioning, drew from the witness the names of a number of persons in whose houses they had been; and then he began asking, somewhat tartly, the particulars of the quantity and quality of drink they had in each.

"Well, Missis, how much had you in the first house?" and the witness answering she could not recollect, was asked "if she herself had not a *gill*?"—meaning in all that day.

On this she sternly answered, "No."

The counsel insisted then on hearing of how much she might have partaken in that and in other places that day, and was answered in several sentences.

"I just pree'd what was offered me here and there, and in some o' the houses I scarce did mair than put it to my mouth,"—and she was proceeding to explain the different tastings and proceedings which had occurred, when the Judge (seeing the Jury were tired, and the witness fretted,) and thinking to meet the counsel's views in ascertaining the *actual* quantity of drink taken by her, and whether it could affect her testimony, addressing the witness, said, "Well, good woman, I believe all the gentleman wants is just to know how much drink you had taken during the whole of that day."

The witness, seeming to think this was rather impertinent, and an unnecessary revelation to any one, with the greatest simplicity said to his Lordship, "*I suppose sae.*"

The ludicrous mistake of his Lordship's meaning by the witness, set all present into fits of laughter, except herself and the prisoner's counsel—the last of whom seemed anxious, by saying something smart, to recover himself from the disappointment he felt. With this view, scarcely had the laughter subsided, when, assuming a posture, gesture, and language of unusual importance and solemnity, he said to her, in a tone unnaturally gruff,—

'Now, Missis, are you prepared to swear, by the great oath you've taken, that you were *not the worse of drink* that day?'

This appeal caused instant silence and turned every eye on

the witness, who, calmly looking down at the prisoner's counsel, said,—

"The waur o' drink! said ye, Sir? na, deed no. The gude-man and me were a *hantle the better o' a' we got that day, except frae thae* (looking at the panels) *blackguard friends o' yours.*"

This inconscionable chopper not only silenced the prisoner's counsel, but upset the gravity of the Judges, who laughed heartily, while all in Court were so tickled, that it was sometime ere the macer's reiterated calls could repress the bursts of laughter which continued on all sides. All this time the witness seemed unconscious of the cause of the merriment, and when told she might go away, she was slowly descending the steps of the witness box, when her eye meeting that of the prisoner's counsel, she nodded, and said to him,—

"I wunner a lad sae *weel put on* as you wad try to bumboozle a puir woman like me, to please sic *waff customers* as your *friends there.*"

#### THE PEDAGOGUE AND THE PREMIER.

IN a small school-house, within the domain of Erskine of Cardross, Perthshire, there ruled for nearly sixty years, William Buchanan, who, some forty-five years ago (1852) initiated ourselves in the mysteries of arithmetic. There, with tongue and taws, he diffused the knowledge of our alphabet in all its combinations—caligraphy cudgels, turns, text, half-text, capitals, and small-hand—figures, with all their powers, from addition upwards; and many a *tickler*, in the latter department, has our head ached with, before a solution was obtained—no helping hand from the dominie! The maximum amount of income that this humble wielder of the birch enjoyed, and never exceeded, was sixteen pounds per annum; and few years, indeed, to our knowledge, did his revenue from school-fees, his only remuneration for teaching, amount to that sum. To supplement his income, the dominie surveyed land, put mole snares in the ground, took down, and cleaned, and oiled the farm and cottage

chronometers; we have, moreover, seen the fire flash from the steel, at a razor-grinding apparatus in the farther end of the school! He could fish, he could fowl, he could chant a stave with great spirit and some science; he was the life and soul of the social party. Though the severe-looking authority in the school, his was not a rule of terror; it seemed more painful for him to inflict punishment, than it was for the trembling kilted culprit at his bar to receive it. The late Mr Erskine of Cardross often befriended Mr Buchanan, which we have heard him acknowledge with the moisture in his eye. How is it, we are tempted to ask, that such benefactors to our race are so miserably remunerated?

The hero of our story was an excessively keen politician of the most out-and-out liberal school. Many a farmer's cabinet council was held in our days round the peat-fire, blazing in the middle of the school (the smoke escaping as it best could), when Bonaparte, at that time the terror of Great Britain, threatened our beloved island with his legions. But to proceed with our story. In the autumn of 1848, when the late Premier Lord John Russell, was making the tour of the Trossachs, he proceeded along the shores of that beautiful sheet of water, the lake of Menteith, and the pedagogue happened to be at the port of Menteith when his lordship and his amiable family passed. The carriage had halted at the little inn to have the horses baited, while Lord John sauntered along the road towards Callendar. The dominie determined to see, and if possible to have an interview with the man who guided the political helm of Great Britain, made up to the Premier, and touching his white beaver, which he affirmed was as good in quality, and the same in colour, as that worn by the Premier, said, "Lord John Russell, I presume!" "I have the honour to be that person," was the reply. "Well, sir," said the dominie, "I have often read your lordship, but I never saw you before!" Here Lord John engaged freely in conversation, and put many queries, which made the dominie say of him, "he's a long-headed shrewd beggar the Premier." At parting, his lordship asked, "What may be your occupation? Are you a labourer?" "No! I am not, your lordship; I am what they call a country dominie."

## A NEW SPECIES OF THE GRAPE.

OUR pedagogue usually made a visit to Glasgow once a-year, and delighted, when at the social table of an old pupil, to go back on former days—when the terrible taws kept his entertainer in fear, though that leathern thong, with its armed extremities, was as seldom as possible made use of by Mr Buchanan.

The subject of conversation turned on a very fine specimen of the vine, which grew in the open air, and almost covered the entire gable of a house in North Woodside, Glasgow. A gentleman humorously inquired, "whether they had any grapes in Men-teith." "Plenty of them, sir! they are so common with us that we dig the potatoes with them."

## A QUID NUNC.

"HAWKIE, you are a public pest—a perfect vagabond," said a passer-by; when the wit retorted, "Man, will ye tell me something I dinna ken?"

## A SOUND REPLY.

"DID you ever hear an ass bray, Hawkie?" queried a young whiskered puppy, rather tipsy. "Never till the noo," was the instant reply.

## A BEADLE'S QUERY.

THE late Dr Erskine, one of the ornaments of our Scottish National Church, was a clergyman of deep and earnest piety. One day something had occurred to irritate him, and to put him into a passion rather strong, so that language seemed to be denied him for a time, Christianity putting a curb on the refractory tongue. The beadle rather archly queried, "Would an aith relieve ye, Sir?"

## ON THE OUTLOOK.

A PARTY of the contributors to "Whistlebinkie" were enjoying themselves in Glasgow, celebrating the arrival of Thom of Inverury, in the poet's howf, Anderson's Tavern, Trongate. The editor of that work, Alexander Rodger, and William Miller, of nursery song celebrity, a turner by profession, were present. Thom, who was very lame, became the subject of Miller's remark. "How was it, Mr Thom, that I aye thought ye wanted a limb altogether?" "Ay, Willie," said Sandy, "the shop! the shop! ye are disappointed o' a job."

## AN ELDER'S EXCUSE.

A MEMBER of the Secession Church, in the Anti-burgher division of it, now the United Presbyterian, had subjected himself to church discipline; and having, as he thought, paid the penalty that the church should inflict, not considering that the test of a correct life and conversation, though for a time, should be exacted, pled that eminently religious persons in sacred history had been guilty of greater faults or crimes than he had been, but who had been restored without the quarantine required by the church. "Davit himsel'," said he to his elder, "wasna sae hardly dealt wi'." "Ay, it's a' true; but ye see, John, there is this difference, Davit hadna an Antiburgher session to deal wi'."

## MIND AND MATTER.

THE Rev. Mr Robertson of Kilmarnock, on one of his excited occasions, was waited on by some of his clerical brethren to sympathise with him. They were talking among themselves of the medical treatment which, they thought, should be followed to give relief to the head affection under which he laboured; bleeding and blistering was the only remedy, they presumed, would relieve him. "Bleeding and blistering!" said he, "did ye ever

hear of the devil being cast out by bleeding and blistering? I have heard of its being done by fasting and prayer, but never by 'bleeding and blistering.'

#### LET WEE! ALANE.

WILLIE GRIEVE added to his own profession, which was that of an itinerating country tailor, a licensed dealer in inebriating liquids, which the guidwife attended to while Willie pursued his calling amongst the tillers of the soil, in the neighbourhood of Ecclefechan. The man of shaping and sewing had acquired the habit of indulging frequently in the moral and intellectual destroyer, for which he had paid a tax to be permitted to sell. Willie had what is called a wry neck, and what with this twist in the upper portion of the vertebral column, and a certain arch expression in his countenance, made what he uttered have a most comic effect. This Ecclefechan dictator of fashion had fallen in with some boon companions one night in his return home, when an adjournment took place, and Willie partook so freely that he was unable to reach home, but lay down by the roadside and fell fast asleep. Some passers-by, like the good Samaritan, turned aside and lifted up the tailor, nearly as stiff as his own *laboard*; and not knowing the habit of Willie's neck, they put to their strength in order to remedy the twist; the effort brought the sleeper to his senses, "Let alane! let alane! what are ye about? I'm aye that way."

#### OPINION AND THE REASON.

"WHAT thoct ye o' my discourse this afternoon, Tammas?" said a clergyman to an old judge of pulpit exhibitions. "'Deed, sir, I thoct ye vera dry! vera dry! no like yoursel'; but we shouldna maybe complain, for sometimes the richest land is turned into barrenness for the sins of those that dwell therein."

#### A YANKEE ADVERTISEMENT.

A GENTLEMAN from the west of Scotland was present at an

exhibition or procession in Boston, of the trades, professions, and modes of labour, which were shown on platform-carriages drawn by horses. Jonathan, who goes far a-head in everything of John Bull, Sawney or Pat, not only exhibited smiths at the anvil, carpenters with hatchet and plane, and masons with mallet and chisel, but milk-maids relieving hawkie of her fluid treasure; and to wind up this milky department, a remarkably well-conditioned wet nurse passed in review, well qualified, apparently, for her profession, nothing daunted by the public gaze.

#### PUTTING THE BEST FACE ON THINGS.

In the beginning of the temperance movement in Scotland, great efforts were made to get the clergy connected with it to become members of the association. A venerable father on the west coast of Scotland was solicited to join, who remarked, "I hae nae need to join ony temperance cause. I think I use a' the blessings Providence sends my way temperately and thankfully, and I dinna see that I am infringing Christian rule, though I tak' my tumbler at night; but really if I thoct that my example could be the means of reclaiming two notorious drunkards, giving their names, I might be induced to join your association."

One of these individuals came along the street one day driving his horse, and it could be observed with half an eye, that the balance which regulates the centre of gravity had lost, for the time, its self-adjusting power. Up he came to the minister, and touching his hat, said, "I heard your proposal, Sir! I heard your proposal! Just gi'e me as muckle as will get twa half-mutchkins, and I'll keep ye out o' that scrape."

#### QUICK IN THE UPTAKE.

At a funeral in Glasgow, the clergyman who was expected to lead the devotions of those assembled on the melancholy occasion, did not come forward. The beadle called out the name of

an elder whom he knew to be in the room. The worthy office-bearer not being accustomed to such exercise beyond his own family, with great presence of mind snatched up his hat, saying, "I wonder wha can be wanting me?" and quickly evanished, to the astonishment of the company.

#### HAWKIE AND THE MORMON PREACHER.

"You seemed listening very diligently, I observed, to a sermon in front of the Jail, last Sabbath, Hawkie. What was the preacher's subject when you were so attentive?" "'Deed I was very attentive, and weel I micht; for the subject was ane in which I was personally concerned. It was ane o' your Latter-day Saints that was holding on, and pretending that the gift o' working miracles—a gift that has been dormant in the church for nearly eighteen hundred years—was now conferred on them; and ye may depend that I'm like a hen at a barn door, if ever ye hae seen her at wark there; she scrapes awa the caff, but mak's a hard dab at the pickle. So, when the preacher was done, I steps forward and says to him, Man, I'm glad that I happened to be here this morning. I may noo throw my stilts against the railings o' the Jail, for I'll hae nae farther use for them. See! there's a leg o' mine, that has been an encumbrance to me for fifty-six years! just set to and mak it like its neighbour." "Come up to my lodgings in the Tontine Close," said he, "and I'll speak to you." "Na, na! said I, I'll gang into nane o' your closes—do your wark here in the open air o' heaven—gin your gift be o' the right sort ye can cure anywhere—on the roadside, in the street, or the market place: Noo set too! time's precious! there's the job! just do't and you'll soon get plenty o' followers; the half o' Glasgow will be at your heels before the morning."

#### A SCANTY VOCABULARY.

A HIGHLAND witness was giving his evidence at a certain criminal assize, and appeared to give his answers with great

reluctance, evidently wishing the Court to believe him mere ignorant of the English language than he actually was; he underwent, in consequence, a very sharp cross-questioning from the presiding Judge. His Lordship had occasion to retire for a little, when Donald, who wished to retire also from the witness-box, said to the advocate, "Will you, Sir, just say to him, when he comes back, not to ask no more questions at me, for my English is all done?"

## HIGHLAND IMPOSSIBILITIES.

Two tourists were passing through a very picturesque scene in our Scottish Highlands, and paused to make inquiry about the locality at an old Highlander, who was engaged in sucking the spirit of the exotic weed through a two and half inch stump of clay. He answered to the queries put in half sentences of broken English between each draught, which was as intelligible to the Cockneys as Arabic. They, thinking that his replies were made in Gaelic, requested of him to make his answers in English; Donald taking the pipe out of his mouth, somewhat in temper, replied, "It's impossible, Sir, to speak English and smoke at the same time!"

## PUNISHMENT SUPPLEMENTED.

It is not unusual for hardened culprits, on receiving sentence, even after the most solemn admonition from the Judge, to expose their stereotyped depravity by insulting language addressed to the Court, in affected defiance of the law, to gain the applause of their former associates in crime, who are commonly watching their conduct in the galleries of the Court.

Sometime ago in the Glasgow Circuit, Lord Cockburn, having at the close of an affecting address to a pert-looking fellow, sentenced him to seven years' transportation, the latter with the coolest impudence exclaimed, "Thank you, my Lord;" and looking about where some of his former cronies were, added with a decisive toss of his head, "That's a' ye can do, man." Lord

Cockburn, in the most placid manner, said to him, "You're very welcome, my man! and just let me tell you, that if in addition ye want a week's bread and water; for saying a word more, you'll get it."

Not another word to his Lordship escaped the fellow,—he slunk quietly off to prison, amidst the laughter and derision of all present.

#### A HIGHLAND SQUIB.

MR CARRICK, when travelling in the Highlands, was rather tidy in his attire, and used to amuse himself at the expense of the Celts, by turning their awkward expressions, habits, and dress into humorous burlesque, but always in such good temper as not to provoke the ire—easily done, sometimes—of the Scottish mountaineers. One of these attempted to retaliate on Mr Carrick, who was rather morose and peevish, and threatened to leave before his usual time, because business was bad in the Clachan, and a difficulty in procuring settlements; Donald tried his hand at a squib.

"Handle, spandle, dandle Johnnie!  
Come to the country searching money—  
When did he found, he couldna get none,  
Then face about richt, say dandle John!"

#### A HIGHLAND CERTIFICATE.

"It's very much against you, Shames, the bad reports they'll talk about you, 'deed is it; and I just told some of them that call themselves frien's, that was making an abuse of you, that I never saw anything about you but decency; indeed, said I, very little of that same either."

#### A PASSING INFERENCE.

ALL our steam-boat travellers recollect very well of old Mr M'Kinlay, the captain of the Dumbarton boat, which plied betwixt Glasgow and that ancient burgh. Captain M'Kinlay had been a carrier in his early days, and many a time have we

had a good laugh at the worthy man calling out, "Woe, woe!" when his steamer was shooting rather a-head at port. Like all steam-boat captains, he was extremely partial to his own vessel, and to disparage the merits of "The Dumbarton" was not the very best way to gain the esteem of her commander. While coming up the river one day, a passenger kept annoying him by hinting that a rival boat, coming up behind, was gaining fast on "The Dumbarton." The captain was dogged, made no reply, and never even looked about. At length the other vessel shot a-head, and his attention being again called to this disagreeable fact, he exclaimed with hasty wrath, "Nae wonder! nae wonder! the tide's wi' her."

## A PROMPT DELIVERY.

A WOMAN, with a basket full of eggs, was favoured with a drive in one of the open empty carriages on the Newtyle line. By some mistake the carriage in which the poor female was, got separated from the others, and proceeding at a great speed down the inclined plane to the terminus, came slap against a carriage standing on the line. The collision pitched the unfortunate dealer quite out of the carriage amongst a parcel of soft goods, which were fortunately lying there for the purpose of being transmitted to a neighbouring town. A number of persons immediately crowded about her to see whether she was hurt. To repeated inquiries she exclaimed, "There's naething wrang—dinna ye aye whummle us out this way?"

## LUCKIE NANSE NORRIE.

*Portrait of a Dame who fell in the Midden looking at the Moon.*

LUCKIE NANSE NORRIE was puir as a kirk-mouse,  
 Little to look to, but want, or the wark-house,  
 Humble her bidin', and hamely her breedin,  
 Cloutit and scant was the haill o' her cleedin;  
 But Luckie was wily, and Luckie was war'ly,  
 She etited to cleek in a wealthy auld carlie;

The Laird o' some land ayont Elgin o' Moray,  
Wi' mair gear than gumption—and did it—Nanse Norrie.

Weel beuket and buck't she cam' by her marriage  
To sit in a sofa and hurl in a carriage;  
Sair, sair, she socht to get grit wi' the gentrie;  
Luckie was gloom'd on, sae quat her ain kintrie,  
Awa south about went to be resdenter,  
To be big amang sma' folk, whaur naebody kent her.  
Sow-lugs makna silk-purses—truth trite and hoary,  
Nor walth mak' a leddy o' Luckie Nanse Norrie.

She had lackeys in livery to 'tend to her callin',  
She'd servants o' a' kin's, but weet nurse in her dwallin';  
Now woman grown wife looks for mair than a marrow,  
For feckless the quiver without'n ae arrow;  
And honour'd's the briest to the barnie-lip teemin',  
Wi' what tak's awa the reproach amang women.  
The Laird had nae heir, and his pow now was hoary—  
He was childish—and childless was Luckie Nanse Norrie.

She cut auld frien's for strangers—to see them 'twas shamefu',  
How they'd cringe for a crumb—kiss her fit for a wamefu';  
For tho' she took care o' her cash, to the cuppers  
She cramm'd them wi' dainty het dinners and suppers.  
But och siccan kyte-hungry frien's!—the deil speed them!—  
Will fawn to the face and back-bite them wha feed them;  
Get drunk like a Lord, wi' the Laird in his glory,  
And laugh in their sleeves at puir Luckie Nanse Norrie.

Luckie, tho' walthy, was siccar and selfish,  
Mean as a muc-worm, close as a shell-fish;  
Drivin' hard bargains, for cash wi' the needy,  
O' gifts come frae wham they may, grippy and greedy,  
Even frae folks wha were scarce worth the price o' a smeehin'  
And aye foun' that the fat sow's hind quarter's maist creesh on;  
Gif she e'er did sma' kindness, we a' heard the story,  
For she tootit her ain trumpet, Luckie Nanse Norrie.

The bachelors forgot in the slipper o' satin,  
 And shanks mair at ease in the soft-cushioned phaeton  
 And cordial companions of opposite gender,  
 Wi' consciences tough, if wi' characters tender.  
 And broken-down gentles on broken-up incomes,  
 And nae over nice now in what way the tin comes ;  
 But tell't na in Gath, for a breath o' the story  
 Wad dim her gentility, Luckie Nanse Norrie.

O dinna envy her, thou fair peasant maiden,  
 Tho' thy fare be but scant, thy frock but coarse plaiden ;  
 Tak' the lad that your ee likes, your heart's secret idol,  
 Tho' a shake-down o' peas strae, the bed o' your bridal.  
 Tho' vice feast in state, in fine laces and linen,  
 Wear the cloak o' thy wark, eat the cake o' thy winnin',  
 And lit at thy wheel o'er this sang that's nae story :  
 Tak the cap if it fit you weel !—Luckie Nanse Norrie.

JOHN IMLAH.

A STREET ORATION—HAWKIE INTERLOCUTOR, WITH  
 INTERRUPTIONS FROM THE CROWD.

*Croaking Barricade (Scottica-Barrow-tone) of Voice.\**

"A-HEY! bide a wee, frien's, and dinna hurry awa hame  
 till ye hear what I hae gotten to tell ye ; do you think that I  
 cam' out at this time o' nicht to cry to the stane wa's o' the  
 Brig'-gate o' Glasgow for naething, or for onything else than for  
 the public guid ?—wearing my constitution down to rags, like  
 the claes on my ain carcass, without seeking a pension  
 frae her Majesty ; though mony a poor beggar wi' a star o'er his  
 breast, has gotten ane far less deserving o't."

(*Voice from the crowd*)—"Hawkie, ye should hae been sent

\* This piece is taken from the page of a companion and cotemporary of the Laird, WHISTLEBUSH. We always thought it too long for any speaker to interject in a song ; it is hoped that it may not be out of place here.

to Parliament, to croak there like some ither parliamentary puddocks till your throat were cleared." (*Reply*)—"Tak aff your hat when ye speak to a gentleman—it's no the fashion in this kintra to put hats on cabbage stocks—man! a haggis would loup its lane for fricht afore ye—ye'll be a king whaur a horn-spoon is the emblem of authority!" (*Resumes*)—"Here ye hae the history of a notorious beggar, the full and particular account of his birth and parentage—at least on the mither's side.

"This heir to the wallets, was born in the byre of a kintra farmer, an' just in the crib afore the kye, his first welcome to the world was from the nose of honest Hawkie." (*From the crowd*)—"Was this a sister of your's, Hawkie?" (*Answer*)—"Whatna kail yard cam' ye out o'? that's your brither aside ye, is't? you're a seemly pair, as the cow said to her cloots." (*Continues*)—"It ne'er could be precisely ascertained the hour o' this beggar's birth, though the parish records hae been riddled to get at the fact. I maun also tell ye, for I dinna like to impose on my customers, that there is great doubt about the day o' the month, an' even about the month itself; but that he was born, hasna been disputed, though it might hae been, an' if it had, we hae an account o' his life and death, to convince the gainsayers. As to whether he was a seven months' bairn, or a nine months' bairn—the houdie has gi'en nae ither deliverance, than that he was his father's bairn, and what her profession required her to do; but the public voice is strongly inclined to favour the opinion, that he cam' hame at full time, as he arrived sooner at the years o' discretion than usual; an' if ye dinna ken the period when a beggar's bairn comes to his estate duly qualified, I'll tell you—it's when he ceases to distinguish between ither folk's property and his ain." (*From the crowd*)—"What a poor stock ye maun hae; ye hae been yelling about that beggar till the story is as bare as your ain elbows." (*Retort*)—"Hech, man, but your witty—when ye set out on the tramp, dinna come to me for a certificate, for I really cou'dna recommend ye, ye havena brains for a beggar, and our funds are no in a condition to gi'e ony pensions frae the now." (*Continued*)—"Ye hae an account o' the education, which he received rid-

ing across the meal pock; and the lair that he learn't aff the loofs o' his mither, which was a' the school craft he e'er received; but sic a proficient did he himsel' grow in loof lair, that like a' weel trained bairns, he tried his hands on the haffits o' his auld mither in turn, and gied her sic thunderin' lessons, that she gied up her breath and business in begging, at the same time, to her hopeful son and successor." (*Voice from the crowd*)—"Ye should hae keepit a school amang beggars, and hae taen your stilt for the taws." (*Retort*)—"Oh, man, I would like ither materials to work wi' than the like o' you for a scholar; it's ill to bring out what's no in; a leech would as soon tak' blood out o' my stilt, as bring ony mair out o' you than what the spoon put in." (*Resumes*)—"Ye hae an account of his progress in life, after he began business on his ain account, and what a skilful tradesman he turned out to be—he could 'lay on the cadge'\* better than ony walleteer that e'er coost a pock o'er his shoulder.

"Ye hae an account o' his last illness and death—for beggars dee as weel as ither folk, though seldom through a surfeit; ye hae also a copy of his last Will and Testament, bequeathing his fortune to be drunk at his dredgy—the best action he ever did in his life, and which mak's his memory a standing toast at a' beggars' carousals, when they hae onything to drink it wi'; and really, you'll allow me to remark, if we had twa or three mae public-spirited beggars in our day, wha would do the like, the trade might yet be preserved in the country—for it has been threatening to leave us in baith Scotland and England, in consequence of the opening up of the trade wi' Ireland; and the prices hae been broken ever since; we hae a' this to contend wi' to preserve the pocks frae perishing, for the sake o' our children." (*Voice from the crowd*)—"Och, Willie, is it your own self that I'm hearin' this morning? and how did ye get home last night, after drinking till the daylight wakened ye? troth ye did not know your own crutch from a cow's tail." (*Retort*)—"Oh, man, Paddie, it's naething new to me to be

\* Skilful address in begging.—*Dict. of Buckish Slang.*

drunk, but it's a great rarity to you—no for want o' will, but the hawbees. What way cam' ye here, Paddie? for ye had naething to pay for your passage; and your claes are no worth the thread and buttons that haud them thegither;—gin I had a crown for every road that your trotters could get into your trowsers by, it would be a fortune to me." "Take me over, said you, to your ould croak-in-the-bog;—I wish I had my body across agin, out of this starvation coul' country, for there's nothin' but earth and stones for a poor man to feed on; and in my own country, I'll have the potatoe for the lifting." "Hech, man,—but the police keeps ye in order—and ye thought when ye cam' o'er, to live by lifting? man! aff wi' ye to your bogs—there's nae place like hame for ye, as the Deil said when he found himsel' in the Court o' Session."

"Ye hae an account o' this beggar's burial, and his dredgy." (*Boy's voice from the crowd*)—"Was ye there, Hawkie? surely—if the stilt could hand ye up!" "Och, sirs, are ye out already—you're afore your time—you should hae staid a wee langer in the nest till ye had gotten the feathers on ye, and then ye would hae been a goose worth the looking at." (*Continues*)—"Sic a dredgy as this beggar had wad mak' our Lords o' Session lick their lips to hear tell o'—thae gentry come down amang us like as mony pouter-monkeys—with their heads dipped in flour pocks, to gie them the appearance o' what neither the school, or experience in the world could teach them;—gin HANGY would gie them a dip through his trap door, and ding the dust aff their wigs—there's no a beggar frae John O'Groats to the Mull o' Galloway, that wadna gie his stilts to help to mak' a bonfire on the occasion."

"Ye hae the order o' the procession at the burial—it's the rank in the procession that entitles to tak' precedence at a beggar's burial—ye never hear tell o' blood relations claiming their right to be nearest to the beggar's banes; we'll be thinking the world is on its last legs, and likely to throw aff its wallets too, when sic an event occurs."

(*Interrupted*)—"Your stilt would, nae doubt, be stumpin' at the head o' them a'." (*Reply*)—"Stan' aside, lads! I'm just

wantin' to see if he has cloots on his trotters, for horns are sae common, now-a-days, among the gentry o' the blood, whaur we should look for an example, that they hae ceased to distinguish the class that nature intended them for." (*Goes on*)—"First in order were Tinklers, the beggars' cavalry, wha being in constant consultation with the gentry of the lang-lugs, hae some pretensions to wisdom; next Swindlers, wha mak' the best bargains they can wi' their customers, without pretendin' to hae ony authority for doin't—no like some o' our black-coats wha mak' a pretence of consulting authority, but it is only on ae side—the advice they aye get is, 'The scene is more extensive for your eminent talents to labour in and so gang!'—but the call would never be heard, if there wasna a siller tinkle in't—they fit to a field that bears a better crap o' the *browns*—our brethren of the pock a' follow this example; they never stay lang whaur there's naething either to get or to tak',—but I'm forgetting myself;—at their heels were Pickpockets, who just tak' the hangman's helter wi' them, and gang the length o' their tether—for Hangy aye keeps the tether-stick in his ain hand. Next, Chain-drappers—the jewellers in the camp, wha are ready to sell cheap, or half the profits wi' everybody they meet, but wha are like many o' our public instructors—aye get mair than they gie—then Prick-the-loops, wha are sae familiar wi' the Hangman's loop, that they've turned the idea into business, and set up wi' their garter—which they could easily spare, as they hae seldom ony stockings to tie on: by this simple expedient, they make large profits on sma' capital: Next, Chartered-beggars or Blue-gowns—wha get a license frae the authorities to cheat and lie over the whole country. Next, the hale clanjamfreys o' Vagrants—for they're a' but beggars' bairns the best o' them—Randies, Thieves, Big-beggars and Wee-beggars, Bane-gatherers and Rowley-powleys—Criers o' Hanging speeches—wha, generally, should hae been the subject o' their ain story—some wi' weans—a' wi' wallets, broken backs, half arms, and nae arms; some only wi' half an ee—ithers wi' mae een than nature gied them—and that is an ee after everything that they can mak' their ain: snub-noses, cock-noses, alk-noses, and half-noses;

Roman-noses, lang noses—some o' them like a chuckie-stane; ithers like a jarganell-pear; hawk-noses and goose-noses; and mind ye, I dinna find fault with the last kind, for nature does naething in vain, and put it there to suit the head: but whatever the size and description o' the neb, they could a' tak' their pick; for the hale concern, man and mither's son, had mouths, and whaur teeth were wanting, the defect was mair than made up by desperate willin' jaw-breakers.

"Some were lame, though their limbs were like ithers folks; there are mae stilts made than there are lame folk for, for I maun tell ye some gang a-begging and forget their stilts and hae to gang back for them, afore they can come ony speed; ithers had nae legs to be lame wi'; a few like mysel' had only ae guid ane resembling the goose in a frosty morning, but made up the loss by the beggar's locomotive, a stilt, which a poor goose canna handle wi' advantage.

"The rear o' this pock procession was closed by bands o' sweeps, wha are ready for a' handlings, whaur there's onything to do for the teeth; an' they hae the advantage o' us, for they're aye in Court-dress, and like honest Colly, dinna need to change their claes.

"In the hame-coming there was a scramble, wha should be soonest at the feast, and a quarrel, an' you'll maybe be surprised that there was but ae quarrel, but I maun tell you, that they were a' engaged in't, an' maist o' them kentna what they were getting their croons cloored for, but just to be neighbour-like. The cracking o' stilts, the yelly-hooings o' wives and weans, and the clatter o' tinklers' wives, wad hae ca'm'd the sea in the Bay of Biscay. Do ye ken the distance at which a beggar fights his duel?—it's just stilt-length, or nearer, if his enemy is no sae weel armed as himsel'.

"Ye hae a return o' the killed and wounded—four blind fiddlers with their noses broken—four tinklers' wives with their tongues split, an' if they had keepit them within their teeth, as a' wives' tongues should be, they would have been safe—there's nae souder or salve that can cure an ill tongue—five croons crackit on the *outside*—sixteen torn lugs—four—

and-twenty noses laid down—four left hands with the thumb bitten aff—ten mouths made mill doors o’—four dizen stiltas wanting the shouther piece—twenty made down for the use of the family; in ither words, broken in twa; an’ they’re usefu’, for we have a’ sizes o’ beggars. After a’ this, the grand dredgy, —but I havena time to tell you about it the nicht; but ye see what handlings beggars would hae if the public would be liberal.

“Buy this book: if ye hae nae bawbees I’ll len’ ye, for I’m no caring about siller. I hae periah’d the pack already, an’ I am gaun to tak’ my stilt the morn’s morning, and let the creditors tak’ what they can get.”

#### DEFECT IN A BEGGAR’S ATTIRE.

Mrs REID, matron of the Town’s Hospital, was very kind to Hawkie, which he always most gratefully acknowledged. When he entered the hospital, his habiliments usually required a repair, something like the Highlander’s gun—new stock, lock, and barrel. Hawkie remarked to Mrs Reid, “There’s only ae foolish thing I ever saw ye do, Mrs Reid, and that was to gie me a coat without pouches,—ye might hae thocht that a coat without pouches was ill-suited for a beggar.”

#### HAWKIE ON SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

HAWKIE wrote a history of his life while in the Town’s Hospital, during his first winter’s residence. The book containing this history is as thick as a-three quire foolscap folio, closely written on both sides, in very fair caligraphy, though the orthography is not according to Johnson. This MS. is in the possession of Mr David Robertson, for whom it was written. Many characteristic notes of gratitude to Mr R. for supplies of tobacco are preserved with the MS. One of these notes is rather graphic. Mr R. had requested him to narrate some of his rencontres with his audiences in the street, and also to give

a glossary of the cant terms introduced into his narrative. Hawkie says—

"I received your card with the tobacco, for which I will consider myself ever your debtor. You request a glossary on the cant. Were a glossary not given, the cant would be a dead language, and could I not define it, I would prove myself an impostor on you, which is averse to my natural principles, however corrupted. As to what takes place between me and my congregation on the street, I am in general drunk when they happen, and I do not commit them to memory."

In a sorry plight, Hawkie, in a petition for supplies addressed to Mr Robertson, thus states his case: "My position at present consists of an unsteady hand, a geisind throat, a dry heart, and an empty pipe. Ye ken I was always unwilling to tell the public of my poverty, and if you would be so good as smother the report with a morsel of tobacco, you rhumble and afflicted petitioner, as in duty bound, shall ever pray."

#### GOLDEN OPINIONS.

WE have seldom either seen or heard of a chimney-sweeper carrying a snuff-box. Whether this circumstance arises from snuff-taking being too dirty a habit for the sweep, or the sweep being too dirty for the habit, is a question of such an extremely delicate nature, that it, perhaps, might offend a number of our readers, were we to enter too minutely into all its specialities. We shall, therefore, in humble imitation of our legislative assemblies, when placed in situations equally trying, simply move "that the bill be read this day six months." But whether chimney-sweeps think themselves above or below carrying a snuff-box, there are no scarcity of people in all ranks of society, who neither think themselves the one nor the other. Go where you will, or into what company you please, you will find some person or other ever ready to poke his box into your hand; and as these boxes are for the most part rather elegant specimens of what can be done in the silver way, and, in general, bear a tasteful inscription, setting forth the virtues, rare endowments, and high mental attainments of the very condescending,

and gifted personage who offers you a pinch, it would be excessively rude, even though you are not partial to a pinch, to decline going through the formality of snuff-taking, and reading the interesting inscription on the lid. In this age of high mental cultivation, when all the virtues which adorn our nature spring up along the paths of every-day life, with a luxuriance that can only be compared to plants in a hot-house, and with a profusion that might almost out-number the very commonest things in nature, who will say that we have not advanced in the scale of improvement far beyond anything which former ages can lay claim to? If this is doubted, we can at once triumphantly refer the presumptuous doubter to our snuff-takers. Let him go into any company where a dozen people are collected, and we could almost risk a discount of 3d per shilling—no slight deduction for one that has to handle a feather—and ten to one but he will find six out of the dozen furnished with snuff-boxes, having engraved upon them that which would have made many of the sages of antiquity grow pale with envy. In a company where we lately had the good fortune to be, eight gentlemen were present; and out of these eight, there were four who produced these silver testimonials of character; one was given for the holder's "unrivalled skill in his profession—"upright conduct" and "gentlemanly manners;" another was for being "an ornament to society"—"a truly amiable man"—and "possessing every virtue that went to form the character of a gentleman;" another was "a mark of respect" from a few friends, on account of their friend being "a true friend—a man of unimpeachable integrity—an affectionate husband—and an exemplary father." The last was, for being "a man of universal benevolence, inflexible integrity, high honourable feelings, and an exquisite performer on the violin." Among these pinks of perfection, an interchange of rapée soon took place, followed by a deferential bow from the parties, according to the impression which the inscriptions on the boxes had made on each other. A sort of freemasonry seemed to be instantaneously established among them, and they evidently appeared to regard themselves as men of certified respectability. A nice observer could easily see the line that was drawn between the

certified and uncertified members of the party ; if, for instance, one of the latter was pressing one of the former too hard in argument, the former would very civilly propose to exchange pinches with him, which, if the other attempted to do by offering an uninscribed box, he was instantly made sensible of his inferiority by the other holding out his patent of nobility, or rather, notability, if we may so speak, for inspection.

#### TAKING SECURITY FROM A JUDGE.

ABOUT fifty years ago (1852) the Circuit Court of Justiciary, when in Glasgow, met in a hall, which was entered by the double stately stair in front of the old prison at the east end of Trongate, and west side of High Street, nearly behind the Cross Steeple, which last is the only part of the old structure yet remaining. Being thus in the very centre of the city in those days, the processions of the Judges from the Black Bull Inn, in what then was called the Westergate to the Court Hall, created an extraordinary stir and sensation among all classes of the citizens, and the crowds who came from all quarters, and from the country on the market days, rendered the streets in that neighbourhood impassable, so that access to the court-rooms for strangers was next to impossible for some time after the court and its attendants had got in, and a matter of serious difficulty after the business within had commenced. About that time, the number of criminal cases for trial was few, but the proceedings in the court seemed by their tardiness to require a much longer extent of time.

It was, and still is, the rule for those who have been newly admitted advocates in Scotland, to volunteer their services in the defence of such persons as being indicted for trial at the circuits, may be unable to pay for it. On the present occasion, Mr D. M'F——, who had for a considerable period previously conducted business as an agent in Glasgow, and had, after the usual preparatory studies, passed advocate, made his first appearance as an advocate for the poor ; Lord Cullen was the judge, and Mr D. B——, late Lord Justice General, was advocate-depute

and public-prosecutor; a goodly array of other counsel sat around a long table in front of the Judge, who occupied an elevated red-cushioned seat and desk at the upper end of the hall, while in a dock or oblong square box, at the other or lower end, appeared a stout young fellow, said to be the prisoner at the bar, flanked by an officer on each side of him, and on whom, the instant he became visible, every eye of the court, though crowded to suffocation, became fixed. The macer of court having called and obtained silence, the prisoner's or panel's name and the charge against him were announced by the clerk's reading them aloud; and it appeared that the prisoner was an Irish labourer, accused of having stolen a silver watch from a fellow-lodger, who happened to be a Scotchman. On being asked,—the prisoner, as directed by his counsel, pled not guilty, and the evidence for the crown was therefore required.

Among other witnesses adduced for the prosecution, was the man whose watch had been stolen,—John Allan, a sawyer at Port-Dundas. He was a dull, heavy-looking man above six feet high, of large size and dimensions; and though strong and powerful, seemed bent and overwhelmed, on first appearing at the witness's station, and when directed to hold up his right hand and take the oath, he shook like an aspen leaf, to the evident amusement of the accused, who sat coolly chuckling at John's embarrassment.

Lord C. evidently noticed his trepidation, and after administering the oath in an easy conciliating manner, said to the witness, "John, as you seem not to have been in a court before, I think right to tell you that there are a few simple questions which I have to ask all witnesses, and which, I trust, you'll take your time and answer truly," and he then said to the witness—

"John, do you know the panel at the bar?"

John, who stood gaping, and his hand still up, remained *silent*; but being told to take down his hand and answer the question, he said, or groaned out, "Ou aye."

Lord C. "Do you bear any *malice* to the panel?"

Whether John understood what was meant by *malice* me-

be doubtful; but being urged to answer, he stared like a bewildered body, and again groaned out, "Ou aye."

Amid some laughter which ensued, but was soon put down, the panel's counsel commenced objecting to John's evidence being received against the panel; but Lord C. stopt him, saying, he thought that the witness might not have understood the meaning of the question, on which account he would put it of new; and on addressing the witness, he said—

Lord C. "John, don't be afraid; take time, and be sure you understand my question,—do you bear any *malice* or *ill-will* to the panel?" laying a strong emphasis on the words, *malice* and *ill-will*, and again urging him to speak the truth.

John seemed still puzzled, but tardily groaned out, "Ou aye."

The prisoner's counsel now got up and was in great spirits, insisting on the objection being fatal to the admission of John's evidence, and on its being, in the circumstances, equivalent to the panel's acquittal; when Lord C. insisted on getting an explanation from the witness, of what he meant the court and the jury to understand, and addressing the witness, he said—

"John, you have deponed that you bear malice or ill-will to the panel, let us understand for what cause you do so."

John here, after a vigorous snuff from a box he held; to the surprise of all present, said—

"How could I *like* (looking at the panel) *a man that steal't my wa-atch?*"

The laughter at this answer became loud and general, but was stopt, and his Lordship then said—

"Well, John, have you no ill-will or malice at the panel that would lead you to swear falsely to injure him." On hearing this, John with great naivette said, "I divna need;" and staring at the panel, as if to get him to speak, he added, "I'm sure, if ye wad speer at him, he wud tell you a' about it."

This eclaircissement was followed by bursts of laughing, and ended the objection of *malice*.

Lord C. then addressed the witness—

"John, did any one give you anything to come here to-day as a witness?"

John looked somewhat queer for an instant; but as before, he drawlingly said, "Ou aye."

The panel's counsel, thinking to make something out of this, got on the alert. Hereon Lord C. asked, "Well, John, what was given you?" The witness said it was "a bit o' paper." His Lordship then desired him to show it, and the witness having searched his pockets, produced it; and to the amusement of the court, and the disappointment of the panel's counsel, it turned out to be the officer's copy citation to him.

On the motion of the panel's counsel, his Lordship asked if nothing else had been given him; and John having said, "No," his Lordship asked,—

"Have you been promised anything for coming here to-day."

John, after a brief pause, slowly said, "Ou aye;" and being required by Lord C. to state what had been promised him, he seemed somewhat fretted, and said to Lord C., "Ye see, I'm a lawborous man, and I tell't the man wha bid me come here, that I couldna do't without losing my wages; and then he said I would be paid for coming."

His Lordship good naturedly observed to the witness, that this was quite reasonable, and then said, "Did anybody promise you anything more than that?" when John, seemingly pleased, said—"No a hait—I didna seek na mair, atweel."

Lord C. now seemed to consider that no further difficulty could occur, and remarking that he had only one other question, said—

"Has any one told or instructed you what you were to say as a witness to-day?"

This simple query was followed by a renewed agitation of the witness—his face reddened and became pale by turns—he trembled, and seemed unable to give utterance to something he had to say; and on being pressed by the Judge to speak out the truth, he, to the surprise of all, groaned out, "Ou aye."

The prisoner's counsel got elated at this avowal, and insisted that the witness was thereby disqualified, and his testimony made incredible. His lordship was at a loss to account for the answer, and the witness's evident perturbation; but he mildly interrupted the panel's counsel in a speech he was making on

the subject, by observing that before further hearing him, he behoved to learn from the witness what tutoring or instructions had been given him—next, who had given them, etc., etc. Accordingly, during a most profound silence, his Lordship, after repeating his solemn admonition on the witness to tell the whole truth, said—“Well, John, you’ve sworn that some person told you what to say: let us know what they told you to say.”

John, in great distress, and almost unable to speak, said—“Ye see, I was never in a court a’ my days; an’ so ye see, they tell’t me that whan I spoke to you, I was to boo, and say, ‘*My Lord, whan I spoke till you; an’ I fin’ I canna do’t for the soul o’ me.*’”

This speech of poor John completely upset the gravity of all present, as the Judge, and even the panel himself, joined the general chorus of laughter which followed it.

After it had been stilled, Lord C. asked John, “Is that all they told you to say?” John answered, “Ou aye; they didna need; I could tell a’ the rest mysel’.”

After this, John’s admissibility as a witness being undoubted, his Lordship told John that he might now proceed to tell how his watch had been taken from him; and this so far acted like a charm on him, that taking a powerful stolum of snuff, he proceeded—

“Weel, ye see, *Sir*,” but instantly halting and saying, “My Lord, I mean;” the Judge said, “never mind to say ‘My Lord,’ John; just get on without it.” On this, John recommenced—

“Weel, ye see I’m a lawborous man, and the Eerisher there (pointing to the panel) is a lawborous man, too. I sleepit in the same bed wi’ him, and he sleepit in the same bed wi’ me, ye understaun’; and I had a watch, but the Eerisher hadna a watch, ye understaun’.”

“Very well,” says his Lordship, “just proceed.”

“Weel, I was ne’er fond of Eerishers a’ my life, and so ye see, when we gaed to our bed at e’en, I use’t to row up my watch and put it carefully in the spung o’ my breeks, wi’ your leave, ye understaun’.”

During this narrative, it was found very difficult to keep down the laughter.

"Well, John, what next?" says Lord C.

"Ou, I put my breeks and my watch below my bowster when I lay down."

"Well, what next, John?" says Lord C.

"Gin skreigh o' day, next morning, I wanted to ken the hour, and if it was time to get up to our wark. I didna hear my watch ticking. I got haud o' my breeks, and glaum't to get out my watch, but I couldna find it. I then glaum't for the Eerisher to speer at him about it; but he was gone, and the place whaur he was lying, when I fell asleep, was as cauld's clay, and my watch was awa."

"What did you do next, John?" says Lord C.

"Ou," says John, "I bang'd up on my hinderend and I roared." The laughter of all, even the panel, became excessive. After being repressed, his Lordship said, "Well, John, what next?"

"Ou, the folk o' the house came in flecin', and speirt at me what ail'd me, and if I was dementit? and I said I was neer-han't, for the Eerisher was aff wi' my watch. We turned up the blankets, the claes, and a' about the house, but fient a bit o' the watch or the Eerisher was to be seen."

On being asked what was next, John said, that on consulting, he had been recommended to the thief-catchers of the day—that they had taken down notes of the particulars, and had recommended him (John) to have patience.

The witness, about this time, seemed rather flat; and his Lordship, therefore, evidently wished him to get on quicker, by saying,—

"Well, John, what did you do next?"

To this, John answered with the most placid countenance,—

"Ou, what could I do? *I just had patience.*"

The roar of merriment at this, and the solemn manner of John, was beyond description; when, as if to hurry on matters, his Lordship said,—

"Well, John, would you know your watch again?"

This operated like electricity on the witness, who instantly brightening up, said, "Ou aye."

Here, a good solid lump of an old-fashioned silver watch was handed to the witness by the macer, and Lord C. then asked him,—

“Is that your watch, John?”

This seemed for a short time to overpower the witness: he grasped it, and looked at it on all sides, as if to see, not only whether it was the same, but as if it had been an animal, and to ascertain whether it was alive and well. After this dumb show had gone on for a few minutes, to the great amusement of the court and the audience, Lord C. having got no answer, said, “John, is that your watch?” Still, as if deaf, John was silent, and as if at a loss about something, continued opening up the cases and closing them, pressing the watch first to the one ear and then to the other, till Lord C. at last said aloud, “John, is that *not* your watch?” Thus roused, he at once answered, “Ou aye, ’deed it’s my watch;” and he was without more ado preparing to have it engulfed into his spung, or the fob of his trousers, when Lord C. called out that the watch must be allowed to remain in court. This appeared to John unjust, and on the macer approaching and saying, “Give me back the watch!” John convulsively held it in his spung, and groaned out, “Na faith I!”

The outbreak of laughter which followed this was tremendous, when his Lordship, on its subsiding said, by way of quieting John’s fears, as to the ultimate safety of his watch, and the certainty of its being restored to him, “You know, John, as the watch has to be shown for identification to other witnesses, you can’t be allowed to take it away till the trial is ended.” John’s proposal or stipulation to his Lordship before returning it, was uttered with the most artless and winning simplicity, “Will ye let me stand beside you, then, till ye’re done wi’t?” not only gained his Lordship’s consent, but set the whole auditors into something like convulsions of laughter.

Suffice it, in conclusion, to say, that Lord C. condescendingly got John to stand near the Judge’s bench till the trial was finished, and then himself handed John his watch, while the Irishman was found guilty, and sentenced to be transported.

## A SECOND READING.

FEW of our cotemporaries (1852) have forgot the Prince of Scottish Vocalists, John Wilson. We are bold to say that never had our national music a gentleman who better appreciated Scottish melody, or who could with more delicate finish and grace execute the song or ballad of Scotland.

The admirable tact and thorough conception of Scottish character, in all its phases, which distinguished the *prelude* or preface—be it story, anecdote, or history of the literature and music—which he gave before each piece in the programme, was, if possible, a greater treat than the execution of the piece itself.

Mr Wilson was on a visit to America, in 1849, with two of his daughters, and when at Quebec, he went out on a fishing excursion to a lake a few miles distant from that town, where he was seized with Asiatic cholera, and conveyed back to Quebec as speedily as possible. It was supposed that the jolting over the rough road had aggravated his complaint. He died in a few hours after his arrival.

Mr Wilson, before he commenced his public life, which was so successful for many years, led the psalmody in a dissenting church in Edinburgh.

He used to tell a story of the tenacity with which many congregations or churches, in rural districts, cling to and insist on their precentor, or leader of the music, reading every line of the psalm or hymn given out to be sung. Mr Wilson was on an excursion to the banks of the Clyde with a friend, and stopped, on a Saturday evening, at the manse of the late (1852) Rev. Mr Gardner, minister of the United Presbyterian Church, Old Kilpatrick. It was agreed that Mr Wilson should occupy the precentor's desk on the succeeding Sabbath, with strict instructions to read the line. Mr Wilson took his place, and old Mr Gardner gave out the psalm, and prefaced, as use and wont, or more properly lectured on it for a considerable time. Mr Wilson said to himself, and also said to us, "Surely I cannot be expected to read the line at this portion, seeing that the old man has repeated and repeated and re-repeated line after line, and

discussed it with such lengthened minuteness;" and therefore took up the first line, and went away with the portion without stopping, save when required to do so by the sense of the passage, or musical pause. An old horny-faced member, sitting under the desk, looked up to him with an expression on his features as if he would have sprung at his throat.

At mid-day, when Mr Wilson was making the best of his way to the manse, the implacable liner made up to him—"Sir," said he, his voice quivering with anger, "are ye gaun up yonder in the afternoon?" "I believe that I am." "Weel, sir, ye maun read the line; nane o' your Edinburgh tricks here!"

#### A COCKNEY PRINTER.

MR WILSON got back from his cockney printer a proof of his programme for correction. One of the songs was the inimitable one of Burns's, "Behind yon hills where Luger flows." The man of types and spaces, and the *et cetera* of punctuation, gave a West Indian interpretation; instead of the river, now classic by its associations, he read, "Behind yon hills where sugar grows."

#### CLERICAL BLISTERING.

THE late Rev. Mr Stark, of the United Presbyterian Church, Forres, was one of the most eminent ministers in his day, of the church with which he was connected. He was gifted with a fine ear for music, and felt greatly annoyed at the interruptions to sacred melody which must always take place where reading the line is practised.

Mr Stark was preaching one Sabbath in a church where this repetition was insisted on by a few leading bigots,—and where is the church in which there are not too many such? Mr Stark told the precentor to omit doing it for the first psalm, and if offence were taken, "I'll take blame for it," said he, "and make an apology." The leader, as instructed, sung the entire portion of the psalm given out, without stopping.

The precentor had not proceeded above a few lines, when

these worthies shut their bibles with a slap, and looked unutterable things at the poor precentor.

Mr Stark noticed that offence had been taken, and, in giving out the following portion, he made the promised apology. "My brethren," said he, "the practice of reading the line by the leader of our sacred music originated in distant times, when few, comparatively, of our members could read. It is supposed now that every member in our church can read, and the practice of this unnecessary repetition has generally been discontinued. I observe that it is necessary that it should still be continued here; and I am sorry that I desired your precentor to omit reading in the opening portion of psalmody; and if blame is attributable, it is to me." "Sir," said one of the repeaters, "ye hae mista'en our meaning."

#### POLITICAL PROFESSION.

THE REV. WALTER DUNLOP was waited on for his support by General Sharpe, a gentleman who had represented the Dumfries boroughs before the passing of the Reform Bill.

"I have taken," said the Tory supporter of things as they are, "the liberty of waiting on you, Mr Dunlop, and hope to have your influence at the ensuing election."

"Mine, sir! you're of anither school o' politics than I was brought up in. I dinna see, sir, how you can expect my support; you aye gaed your length wi' your auld friends the Tories." "Oh, but, Mr Dunlop, we are open to new views; times change, and our institutions must be accommodated to the times. I am a Reformer as well as yourself, Mr Dunlop; it is the order of the day." "Ay, ay, General! is that the way wi' you? I doubt you're rather a conformer than a reformer," said Mr Dunlop, turning away from the politic professor of reform.

#### CLERICAL ARREST.

OUR clergymen, of all sects and parties, are not so fully alive as they should be to the very injurious effects that protracted

religious services have on all Christians, especially "long prayers," reprobated by our Lord himself. The aged are unable to bear them, and the young are ever ready to consider them "burdensome and grievous." The flood of detail so characteristic of the opening prayer in the morning's service, is too apt to give, what poor human nature has no need to deepen, a disrelish for the ordinances of religion. We have heard it said, and there is both serious truth and wit in the remark—"That some ministers pray their people *into* the spirit of prayer, and then pray them *out* of it."

The late Professor Lawson, of the Secession Church, used to caution his students against long prayers, except in their closets. "My young friends," said he, "I do not know that Satan ever practised any device that has been so successful in discouraging people, but the young especially, from attending God's house, as long prayers."

Mr Dunlop was engaged on the occasion of a communion at Monniehive, and it fell to his turn to deliver the evening sermon, which was from a tent in the fields. The evening was drawing on apace, and the shadows beginning to deepen, made those who had to go to a distant home rise and move to go away. "Stop! stop, frien's! dinna gang awa! I'll no keep you aboon a few minutes longer; for I would rather send you away longing than loathing."

#### THE BACK EQUAL TO THE BURDEN.

A HIGHLAND gentleman very extensively engaged in the application of steam power to spinning and weaving, had his works greatly enlarged without adding any additional power to his engine, as he had calculated that what it already had was sufficient for the purpose. His foreman, not gifted abundantly with forethought, came to him one morning after the works were completed, in a state of excitement, stating that the power of the engine had not been thought of. "Pooh, man!" said the owner, "shust tie the warks to the ould jade, and she'll gang awa and not know nothing about it."

## POLITICAL PRINCIPLE.

"ARE ye likely to carry your Highland representative?" said a Tory elector to one opposed to him. "I hope so." "Well, you'll return a man of the Grand Highland principle." "Ay, and what is the Grand Highland principle? is't different frae our ain principles?" "Oh, yea." "Well, what is it, then?" "Just to be as dour on the wrang side as the right."

## STRONG DIGESTION.

ONE of the "kail sippers" of Fife used to say of his digestive powers—"Never onything fashes my stomach; I believe it could manage a dead sodger stuffed wi' bayonets."

## A GOLDEN BADGE.

THE exciting topic of the day furnished Hawkie with a theme on which to descant for the purpose of raising the supplies. A good many years ago, when the Chinese were compelled to pay large sums to England as compensation for the expenses of the Chinese war, Hawkie thus cheered his companions—"My friends, every *midden mavis* (bone gatherer) will now be singing wi' a gold watch at her side."

## HAWKIE'S PRECAUTION.

HAWKIE was pursuing his calling on the street one evening, when a wag, behind him, pretended to rifle his coat pockets. Hawkie, with the greatest nonchalance, said, "Fin' awa, friend, I was there afore ye."

## HAWKIE AND SIR WALTER SCOTT.

HAWKIE's narratives were always to be taken with a large discount. When challenged as to the truth of his statement, he used to say, "That a guid lie made truth look mair respectable."

What was't ye gied Walter Scott a monument for in George's Square? Just because he was a guid liar."

#### IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

HAWKIE had an inveterate hatred to the Irish, and the merciless lash of his satirical tongue, seemed never so much in the element in which it found delight, than when flaying the back of poor Paddy. "Will ye," said he to a patron, "gie me a newspaper to read to the Paddies in my lodgings? I want to gie them the last news frae Ireland!" "I have no paper, Hawkie, but some old one out of date." "Just gie't to me; it will do. I'll read to them what ne'er was written or in print."

#### GETTING OVER A DIFFICULTY.

A CLERGYMAN who had more mother wit than critical knowledge of the sacred volume, came, in the course of his expositions, to a passage that he thought safer to leap clean over than attempt to elucidate. "My friends," says the prelector, "this is a dark and difficult passage; the one that follows is clear enough, so we shall just take it up."

#### WANT OF A MARRIAGE REGISTER.

"WHAT was the name o' your second wife, Tammas? I was just disputing wi' a friend the ither nicht about it." "Man, it was—but—that's odd! Ye mind her name weel eneuch, surely, yoursel'! she was a lassie frae Denny."

#### A SCARCE ARTICLE.

WE have in the city of Glasgow (1852) a church officer superior, both morally and intellectually, to most of his class—a good judge of the theology uttered over the cushion on which he places the great Text Book and high authority, from which the

expositor draws his truths, and proofs in support and illustration of them.

James, for such is his name, was asked by some of the office-bearers in a sister church, if he knew where they could get a good beadle, as they were in want of one. "Weel, gentlemen," replied James, "you've asked me for a thing that can scarcely be had. If it were a bit minister, or twa or three elder bodies, I could direct you at ance; but whaur to get a decent beadle is mair than I ken."

#### ALWAYS IN HIS PLACE.

THERE are a set of itching-eared members connected with every church, and it is not a breach of charity to charge them as severely as the Apostle did in his times. If their minister is not at home, and you wish to find them, their own church is not the place to go to; they are away to worship at the shrine of the clerical idol of the day. A great deal of private inquiry is made through the week at parties who are likely to know their minister's movements. James, our shrewd officer already named, when inquired at by these flighty gentry, staved off their queries. "It's ill for me to ken a' the minister is doing or means to do. Come ye to your seat; I'll be in the pulpit mysel' as usual."

#### CLOSE SHAVING.

ON an occasion of the minister's absence, a brother minister from a considerable distance kindly agreed to take the services of the day. James assisted in adjusting the gown on the minister. "I'm afraid my hair," said he, "which is rather long, would need to be smoothed a little." "Ye'll be married, sir, I suppose?" remarked the assistant. "Oh, yes!" "Weel, I thoct, sir, your wife would hae keepit your hair short for you."

#### A VERY REASONABLE PETITION.

A DESERVEDLY-POPULAR minister, in his day, of the Seceding Church in Scotland, was often called on, as at this day, to take

services on public occasions, so as to collect larger audiences, and thus augment the collections made, or to make a popular impression on the minds of the members of the church on the exciting topic of the times. His own pulpit had, of course, to be occupied by strangers. The minister was one day riding on to meet with his co-presbyters, when he came up with two of his own elders going in the same direction. "Whaur awa', friends, this day?" "We're gaun up to the presbytery like yoursel', sir." "Ay! what may be taking you up there, if it be a fair question? for I think there's nae matter frae our session to come before them." "'Deed, sir, to be plain wi' you, we are just gaun up to petition for a hearing o' our ain minister!"

#### A CHOKEDAMP.

"WHAT place o' worship does James Dawson gang to now?—he's passing yonder on the ither side of the road," said a worthy old member of the church to a companion, who were journeying together to the church. "Really, man, I dinna ken," was the reply. "I fear he has nae kirk in his ee. He ance belonged to the Burgher party; but when the question of New Light and Auld Light views got in amang them, James's licht was blawn out atween them."

#### A LITTLE TOO SOON.

THE Rev. Mr Comrie, minister of the United Presbyterian Church of Pennycuik, who died within the last few years (1852,) was a most amiable Christian minister, and whose memory is most affectionately cherished by his co-presbyters and all who had the pleasure of his personal acquaintance.

Many anecdotes are related of his quaint sayings, and the innocent, humorous turn that distinguished his conversation in church courts.

Mr Comrie's voice was rather feeble, and those whose ears were not acute lost much of what he said. He was, on the occasion of a communion, assisting a brother in the extra labours

required at such times ; he had read a portion of the sacred volume, engaged in the solemn exercise of prayer, and proceeded to read his text. When he had read the passage and about to commence, an oldish man in the gallery called out, " Speak out, sir ; we dinna hear ye ! " " Will ye," replied the minister, " let me alane till I begin ? "

## REVISING THE CLASSICS.

MR COMRIE was replying to a speech of one of his brethren in the presbytery, who had indulged very liberally in Latin quotations, sounding out, every now and then, its sonorous cadences with pompous display, when Mr C., in his own humorous style, whether in Scotch or English, as best suited his idea, sat down, he suddenly resumed a standing posture, " But, by the bye, Mr Moderator, I have forgot my Latin—*Hic hæc hoc.*"

## PETITION FOR THE PREMIER.

ANDREW M'LAY, a person of weak intellect, who resided in the village of Balfron, whose glimmerings of reason and intellect are now, for a time, obscured in the grave, was a constant attender at church, but whose behaviour very generally disturbed the solemnity of the services. Whatever occurred to him was uttered audibly, or, if unarticulated, his meaning was exhibited in pantomime. At the time when Sir Robert Peel was in power, and when the Whig party appeared too powerful for him, Andrew was present on a Sabbath evening, and when the services of the occasion were just about to be closed by prayer, Andrew cried out, " Remember in prayer Sir Robert Peel in great distress ! "

## THE RIGHT OF CITIZENSHIP.

A CLERGYMAN in Glasgow, who had married the scion of a burghess in the city, with laudable anxiety, wished to have any advantages connected with the citizenship secured to his

family; "but," said he to the civic counsellor whom he consulted, "I do not wish to use any crooked or indirect means even to secure this. I am no tradesman of any sort, so cannot secure it by assuming a fictitious right." "Weel," said the counsellor, "I dinna ken what to do wi' you. You're a teetotaler, so the incorporation o' maltmen cannot suit your case; but they are the nearest to having nae trade, but a paying ane, that I ken. What think you o' the hammermen? I'm sure ye hae dung the sides out o' twa or three pulpit bibles!"

#### A TUFT-BEARER.

THE quantity of hair now grown in the shape of whisker, moustache, and imperial, would make our forefathers, were they lifting their heads above the grave-yard turf, imagine that the land of their fathers had been converted into a quarantine station for all those who, from poverty of soil, had not shown sufficient depth of forest on lip-land and its vicinity, or who, with barbaric hand, had hewn down the chin-timber, and it was required, that the growth-growing capabilities of razor domain should be shown, and a fresh forest seen waving over the shorn region, proving that they were now duly qualified, by beard-length discretion, to act their part in society. We always feel tempted to quote, for these tuft-hunters' instruction, the Scottish saying, "A goat is no a bit the mair reverend for his beard."

One of these beard-trimmers who cultivated, with praiseworthy care, the under-lip central tuft, was accosted by a companion on his first noticing the assumption of this lip badge—"What's the matter wi' your chin, Jock? there is surely a terrible alap in your razor, man!"

#### SEEKING "CAUSAM BELLI."

THE Rev. Mr Comrie was attending his presbytery when little business came before them. The only thing he and his brethren had to do, was to hear discourses from a few students who were on trial for licence. Mr Comrie thought the amount of common-

place remark and advice given to the young men was superfluous. He addressed the Moderator—"Sir, I hae heard the discourses o' thae young men, and am mair than pleased wi' them. I'm thinking maybe some o' oursel's wad scarcely hae stood sae fair; and, sir, they hae had abundance o' advice given to them on points that are no likely ever to occur. It minds me o' a story, and I'll tell't to you; there's some bearing on the case o' the young men in't. A very decent farmer was sair fashed wi' the weather—and did ye ever see or hear tell o' a farmer that wasna?—and ae day the wind and rain rendered it necessary for them to keep within doors; and he didna ken what to turn his han' to, and he says to his guidwife, 'We'll just hae to fa' to and thrash the weans!' 'Wherefore should we do that? the weans, poor things, are behaving as weel as ourselves.' 'Na, na! but, Betty, it's better to look afore ye; if they're no in a fault the noo, they'll soon be in't.'"

#### QUALIFYING FOR OFFICE.

THE father of a young licentiate for the ministry went, no doubt with the anxiety and partialities of a parent, to hear his son deliver his first sermon in public. Another young man had been licensed at the same time, and the services of the day were shared between them. The father attended both, so that he might be able to form a comparison. On being asked his opinion of their respective merits, he replied, "He's really a nice young lad that was preaching in the forenoon—a nice lad, and some spunk in him; but he hasna the waap o' the arm that my son has. I bred him, ye see, first to be a tailor, my ain profession. You should mak' a' your students tailors first."

#### TEXTUAL APPLICATION.

THE race of sermon-hunters is not yet extinct. The occasion of the solemnisation of the yearly communion, in distant times, when churches in rural districts were few and far between, brought together almost the entire population of the

district, many of the people actuated by the highest motives to christian duty, others, and these, we fear, by far the most numerous, went to see and to be seen. The "Holy Fair" was written by Burns, to hold up to merciless ridicule the unseemly conduct of parties assembled on communion occasions. We might remind many of our readers who have weathered the storms of the last thirty years, of the scenes annually enacted in June at Govan, when the solemnities of the yearly communion were observed.

A sermon-hunter, the subject of our story, was present on one of these occasions, and the clergyman chose for text the passage from Revelations, "They sung a new song," &c., and gave an excellent sermon. It is usual for ministers in the leading discourse, and which is called the "action sermon," to prepare it with more than ordinary care.

The minister was called on soon after to officiate in the church where this sermon-hunter usually sat, and gave the same sermon. A month, perhaps, had not elapsed, when, assisting a brother on a similar occasion to what the sermon had been prepared for, delivered the same discourse. Need we say, the inveterate man of sermon hearing was there also? The same clergyman and his bubbly-jock were present together on another occasion, and the same sermon again given.

The minister well knew, when he learned the amount of hearing that his discourse had been subjected to, that the repetition would not pass unheeded, and did not put himself in the way of meeting an actuser. One day his officer came into the vestry, and said, "Sir, So-and-so is wanting to see you." The minister received his visitor most cordially; and it was thought the transmuting touch of silver had its influence in the exchange of salutations, as a restrained smile passed over his visitor's face; and the minister got off with the remark, "Really, sir, gif it be the sang which we are to sing in heaven, we shouldna weary o't on earth."

#### AN IRISH GUIDE.

A COMMERCIAL gentleman, afraid of being too late for dinner,

hired a cab, and desired the driver to put his horse to his speed, so that he might be in time to meet his fellow-bagmen, at their mess in the —— Hotel, Dublin.

The whip was applied, but the animal got restive, and warped and twisted, endangering the shafts of the vehicle. "Can't ye get on?" said the impatient man of samples, "I'll be too late." "Well, sir," said Pat, "I'm doing all I can; but you see the brute knows that your honour is a stranger in Dublin, and he wishes you to stop and take a look at the public buildings."

#### THE FAIR CITY.

THE street orator, Hawkie, entered a shop where there happened to be a gentleman from Perth standing at the counter. "Were ye ever in Perth, Willie?" "Yes, I have been there, and I hae guid reason to mind Perth. I gaed in at a street ill lighted, and I thocht nae fear o' the police here, so I commences my story; but I hadna weel begun, when a voice from a window cries to me, 'Get ye gone, sir, or the police will find quarters for ye.' I ne'er loot on that I heard the threat, but cried away till I got to the end of the street, and then took the road to my lodgings. I hadna been there mony minutes, when in comes ane of their police, and lugs me aff to jail, whaur they keepit me till Monday—this was Friday—and just let me out then wi' as much day light as would let me see across the brig. That's a' I ken about the Fair City." Standing for a few minutes, he held out his left hand, and, gathering the fingers of his right to a point, he dipped them into the hollow of his left, saying, "Weel, sir, what are ye gaun to gie to redeem the character o' your town?"

#### MERCHANT AND CUSTOMER.

A GENTLEMAN passing along was saluted by Hawkie. "Are ye gaun awa that way?" said the wit. "Man, it's no your ordinary to gang past a pair body without saying hae." Touched.

apparently by the compliment, the gentleman halted, put his hand into his pocket, and taking out the anticipated penny, and holding it up, cries, "Are ye coming for't? if it's worth taking, it's surely worth coming for." "Ou ay," says Hawkie, limping forward, "but ye micht hae saved me part of the trouble. I never yet saw a respectable merchant wha wadna willingly meet his customer at least half way."

#### THE LATE LORD MEADOWBANK ELICITING EVIDENCE.

THE peculiar tact and acumen of Lord Meadowbank in the examination of witnesses in the trial of criminals before him, was never more felicitously demonstrated than in the case of a woman accused of the theft of a quantity of crockery-ware from a shop in Greenock, which was brought on at a Circuit Court in Glasgow a few years ago. The Judges, Lords Meadowbank and Moncrieff, had wrought incessantly the whole day, presiding alternately. As many cases remained for trial, they were averse to leave off business for that day, if another case could possibly be got through, and the Advocate-Depute having stated that the Greenock crockery case was not likely to occupy much time, Lord Moncrieff agreed to take charge of it, and the accused was brought to the bar. As the case was considered clear, the panel had been expected to plead guilty, but as she stubbornly refused to do so, there was no help for it, but to examine all the witnesses.

On examining the first witness, it appeared that on the evening libelled, a quantity of crockery had been surreptitiously carried off from his shop by a woman like the panel, whom he had noticed skulking about the shop door for some time before he was about shutting up. It was then he missed them. The woman could not be seen. He did not know her name or abode; and on closing up his shop, he went to the police office, where, on telling what had happened, and describing the woman, an officer said he suspected the panel, who was a lodger in the house of an old Highland woman, who staid in the Vennel of Greenock. Having gone there with the officer, they

found concealed in a bed there, the various articles of crockery mentioned in the indictment; they also found the woman and the landlady. The witness identified the prisoner as the woman, and the articles, then shown, as those which had been stolen from his shop, and which had been found concealed in the lodging.

The next witness called being the landlady of the lodging-house, the trial, under ordinary circumstances, should have been very short indeed, and such seemed to have been the expectation of the Court. She was a little woman of an old primitive appearance, having her head and upper half covered with a sorely worn tartan shawl, and came forward hipling (or walking, as if lame,) to the foot of the witness-box, fronting the Jury, and to the left of the Judge's seat. After some difficulty in mounting the steps, and getting fairly into the box, she, as if exhausted, sat down, and seemed no way inclined to humour the anxiety of the "get on" movement of the Court. This drew forth from Lord Moncrieff a somewhat sharp look at the witness, and a growling command to her, "Stand up, witness, and hold up your right hand;" but though uttered with uncommon force, it was lost on the witness, for still she sat, and stared at his Lordship. This conduct his Lordship evidently imputed to a contumacious attempt on her part to withhold her evidence, and befriended the panel; and he therefore, with a fierce look and a voice of thunder, ordered her to get up and take the oath, or he would assuredly send her to prison. Thus addressed, she spoke to some of the audience near her, and it then transpired that, being a Highlander, she could not speak English, so that her evidence could not be made available unless through the medium of a sworn interpreter. This was of course instantly communicated to the Advocate-Depute, and by him to the Court, giving at the same time directions to procure instantly a Gaelic interpreter. As it had been expected that the panel would plead guilty, and the Court should immediately after adjourn, numbers, and among others, several of those officers commonly called as Gaelic interpreters, had left the Court. Meantime symptoms of impatience were getting visible;

the blame of delay was general, and of course was manfully shifted from one to another. A Highland interpreter was sought for in all directions, as if the witness's life depended on his appearance, and it is told that, in the anxiety to procure one, a change-house or two about Jail Square, frequented by Highland policemen on circuit days, was cleared in a jiffy by a squad who appeared immediately after in the court, gasping, and with faces like North-Westerns. While all this was getting done, the Advocate-Depute had, on consultation, become satisfied that he could prove the charge by other witnesses, and in order to save time and trouble, he announced this, and consented to the witness leaving the Court. She was accordingly making her way slowly out, when Lord Meadowbank, who had been pacing about the back part of the bench, came smiling to the front, and called aloud to the mace, "Bring back that witness." The woman, during the unusual interest and silence which this measure excited, was of new got into the witness-box, when his Lordship ordered her to stand and hold up her right hand, as he did his, and repeat the words of the oath after him. Thus urged, she stood and, like his Lordship, held up her right hand, but on his saying "I swear," and telling her to repeat it, she sheepishly said, "Ough, I was no English." This excuse she repeated twice; but his Lordship was not to be put off in this way—he told her to take the shawl from off her head, and on getting this done, he proceeded thus—

"Are not you mistress of a lodging-house in the Vennel of Greenock?" To this she answered in a whining voice, "Ough aye."

"Do not your neighbours in the Vennel speak English?" To this she answered, "Ough aye."

"Do *they* speak to *you*, and *you* to them?" "Ough aye."

"Do you understand what they say to you in English?" "Ough aye."

His Lordship then, pointing to the panel, said, "Was she a lodger in your house, and did you understand her English?" "Ough aye."

His Lordship then, without more ado, directed her to repeat

one by one the words of the oath, and having succeeded, the following scene occurred:—

L. M. Was she found in your house, and taken away?

Witness. Ough aye.

L. M. Was that the last time she was there?

W. Ough aye.

L. M. Was that about ten o'clock at night?

W. Ough aye.

L. M. Had she been in your house getting some meat that afternoon?

W. Ough aye.

L. M. Did she leave it soon after, carrying nothing with her?

W. Ough aye.

L. M. Was she away out of your house till shortly before the men came in and seized her?

W. Ough aye.

L. M. Had you been in your own house all the time she had been out?

W. Ough aye.

L. M. When she came in about ten was she alone?

W. Ough aye.

L. M. Did she bring into your house with her anything you had not seen in it before?

W. Ough aye.

L. M. Can you say what they were?

W. Ough aye; there was a great wheen o' things—there was a ponny, ponny powl, and a ponny tea-pot, and a ponny wee tshug, and some ponny, pretty tea tishes, and a great heap o' praw tishes.

L. M. Do you think you could know any of the articles if they were shown you?

Hereupon the witness having cast her eye towards the table of the Court, on which the articles were then placed, to the great amusement of his Lordship and all present, broke out as in an ecstacy of delight, exclaiming—

“Ough aye—t'ere's the ponny, ponny wee powl, an' t'ere's the ponny wee tshug, and a' the ponny, ponny shings, every one o' them atweel; ough 'deed aye!”

And she continued clattering on, and gabbling to all around her till stopp'd by the Court, whilst roars of laughter from all present continued for some time.

The result was, that the Court and Jury declared themselves satisfied, and a verdict of guilty followed.

#### OWRE WHEEL KENT.

THE late bell Geordie, the Glasgow city crier, whose knell was rung sometime between 1820 and 1830, (those who wish to be more statistical, must consult the local obituaries of the time,) used great liberties with the advertisements he got in charge to publish on the streets; and if his charge had been regulated by the lines which he interjected, connected or unconnected with his subject, his income would have been very considerable. Geordie was employed as one of the door-keepers in the dissenting church, East Campbell Street, over which Dr Kidston—not then known by the honorary distinction which the Glasgow University afterwards bestowed on him; and when the humble official applied to his minister for a testimonial, as he wished to apply to the magistrates for the situation of city herald, then vacant, Mr Kidston felt that he could not conscientiously give the applicant such a certificate as might be useful to him, and with great tact replied, "Man, Geordie! I wonder that you should apply to me for a certificate; you're far better kent than I am; I had mair need, man, to apply to you!" "Weel, minister," said Geordie, "I dare say you are in the right!"

#### ANTICIPATING POVERTY.

HAWKIE was standing at the counter of one of his halfpenny rate-payers, when a poor man and boy came to the door; the shop-keeper said, "Hawkie, there's opposition." "It's no that," replied the wit. "Hae, poor man, there's a penny to you; it's hard to say how soon I may be following the same profession."

## NOT DISCHARGED.

THREE cigar-whiffers passed Hawkie, when the usual demand, "Table the browns," was made. "There's a halfpenny for you." "Ay—thank ye; but that disna pay for three."

## A BEGGAR'S LACKEY.

HAWKIE, after discussing the topic of the day, and uplifting all the collection he was likely to receive, in one of his places of call, was preparing to leave, when a gentleman stepped towards the door, and lifted the latch. "Oh, man! it's a great pity that you were born to be a porter to Hawkie."

## THE HIGHEST HONOUR, ACCORDING TO HOYLE.

THE late John Douglas, clerk to the Justices in the Lower Ward of Lanarkshire, was attending to his duties in the Justice of Peace Court in Glasgow, in cases of small debt. Case after case came before the court, of defaulters to a house, notorious at the time for the extent of business done by them—on the club system. "Is this for that club-house still?" said the assessor. "Yes, sir." "Well, it seems to be the Knave of Clubs!"

## NAE BLACK GAET.

WHEN Mr Harley's very extensive dairy occupied such a large space on the Blythswood grounds—now built on in such princely style—there was a direction on the corner of one of the principal streets, "Entry to Harley's byres in this direction." Mr Douglas remarked, "that it ought to be named the milky way."

## READY TO RECEIVE.

HAWKIE, while addressing his audience on the street, was

interrupted by a passer-by—"I see you are preaching as usual."  
 "Yes, I am," holding out his hand; "and there's the plate for the collection."

#### A NEW EDITION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

"HAE ye," said a country dame to a bookseller, "ony kirk-gangin' bibles?"

#### SUBSTITUTE FOR FUEL.

MINE host of the Caffé Royal, Edinburgh, apologised to a party of gentlemen, about the coldness of the room into which he had put his guests. "Never mind," said a wag, "just deduct so much from the bill, and that will mak' up for't."

#### A NIGHT AT KILCOMRIE CASTLE.\*

THE wintry sky looked dark and troubled, and the moaning of the wind, as the sun dipped below the western horizon, indicated a coming war of the elements. At first a few broad flakes like *avant-couriers* of the storm came wavering down the sky: these soon increased, and fell thicker and faster, till distant objects began to disappear, and the surrounding atmosphere, as far as the eye could penetrate, became one uniform scene of fleecy confusion, which fell with a celerity that soon covered the ground to a considerable depth. Not a foot had disturbed the smooth and dazzling surface, till, near the "too-fall" of the day,

\* This piece is extracted from papers communicated by Mr Carrick, to the *Scottish Monthly Magazine*, issued in Glasgow in 1837, under the able superintendence of William Weir, Esq., now one of the ablest writers in the Metropolitan daily press. This periodical was conducted with great ability and spirit, and ought to have lived through many years, issuing monthly its contributions to the enlightened world, for their instruction and entertainment; but periodical literature has not had a favourable soil for its cultivation in Glasgow, and each periodical as it appears has had, hitherto, but a short winter-day's existence.

two figures were seen to approach, struggling and sinking knee deep at every step. One of them seemed tall, with his head bent stormward, and the other, who appeared more diminutive, carried some unwieldy object on his back, but, from its being overlaid with snow, the nature and use of which it was a matter of difficulty for any one at a distance to determine. With much labour the strangers at last reached the wicket of the castle, when the warden recognised Habby Gray, a court minstrel of some note, and the gillie who carried his harp.

Habby and his boy, having disencumbered themselves of the snow which hung about them, made their way to the hall with that unceremonious freedom usual with those of their privileged class. The *gloaming* had just set in, and the fuel intended to serve for the night was piled up in the spacious fire-place, while the subtle flame was *blinking* through the many crevices of the well-built peat cairn, in a manner which promised soon to make all comers keep a respectful distance. As the night closed in, the household began to congregate round the blazing hearth, forming a circle, in the centre of which sat the minstrel and his harp-bearer.

"Where have you been, Halbert, this long time?" asked a bright-eyed young woman who sat knitting in a chair, the form of which was sufficiently ancient to have entitled it to a place at the court of Cardross.

"I have been with those who wish weel to the roofree of the house of Kilcomrie," said the harper—while he bent an eye so full of meaning on the fair querist, that a slight carnation spread quickly over her lovely countenance.

"We do not suspect Halbert Gray at least, of harbouring with, or carrying tidings between us and our enemies."

"No, lady Alice," replied the minstrel with a look still more intelligent than before, "if I can carry tidings between you and your friends, I will let your enemies be their own messengers."

"I doubt it not, good Halbert; but," continued she, as if to change the discourse, "what boy is this you have brought with you?"

"The young varlet you are pleased to inquire after is the son

of a cock-laird near Bucklyvie,\* who, having performed the part of one of the satyrs at the late grand banquet at Stirling, has taken it into his head to make his son a minstrel, and for that purpose has placed him under my care; but a bee might as well attempt to teach a black-beetle the way to make honey, as I to instruct this smeddomeless *smaik* in the divine art of minstrelsy."

The urchin stole a sulky glance at his master, and, with his arm across his face, hitched sheepishly round on his seat to conceal himself from view, while he whimpered out—"There's sma' sport in singing sangs wi' a toom wame, I trow."

The minstrel's ire was about to break forth at the unpoetical sentiment expressed by his pupil; but the laugh which the homely truth conveyed in the remark had excited, obliged him for the time to suppress his displeasure.

Robin Bunch, an old and privileged retainer of the house of Kilcomrie, who had spent a considerable part of his life in England, and who now acted as a sort of house-steward in the family, began to interrogate the young minstrel, for the purpose of finding something to amuse himself and those around him.

\* Bucklyvie is a small village, equi-distant from Stirling on the east and Dumbarton on the west. It is not a place of much importance—there is no public work in its neighbourhood; it is entirely surrounded by an agricultural population. The soil is not so rich and productive as it is eastward of it, though as skilfully farmed. The village must have improved since the time at which the lines, by some bilious habitual over-diner, and quoted by Sir Walter Scott in his novel of *Rob Roy*, were written. It is inserted as a motto to Chapter xxviii.

"Baron o' Bucklyvie,  
May the foul fiend drive ye,  
An' a' to pieces rive ye,  
For building sic a town;

Whar there's neither horse meat, nor man's meat, nor e'en a chair to sit down."

In the vicinity of the village at Auchintrolg, are marks of 'a fire and sword' rald of the free-booter, *Rob Roy*. As to the quiet folks in Bucklyvie, we happen to know many of them, and our recollections of its population for the last fifty years [1852] enable us to say, that they are just like other specimens of humanity, not better, neither are they worse.

The youth was at first rather shy of being drawn out. Perhaps the English accent with which the old man, who was regarded as something of a wag, affected to speak, might have a chilling effect upon this awkward apprentice to the tuneful craft.

"So you're going to be a minstrel, my young friend?" said Bunch.

"Ay, gawn to be!" returned the boy drily.

"And how do you like the trade?"

"The trade to them that hae a notion o't may do weel enough, but I think it's naething to brag o'."

"What! have ye not plenty of feasting, merry-making, and music, the brimming wine-cup to pledge, and plenty of fair ladies to pledge it to?"

"Ah! you're joking me now. As for feasting, it's either a hunger or a burst wi' us; for, if I'm sent ae night to my bed wi' my stomach stuffed like a Yule haggis, maybe for a week after it will be as toom as my master's pouch."

"I'm sure your master sings enough about feasts."

"Ay, and mair than enugh; he often mak's me yaup to hear him; for my master, honest man, always sings best about a supper when he is maist in want o't. Minstrels are a queer set; they aye ha'e muckle to say about what they ken least about."

"You would have plenty of feasting at Stirling, surely?"

"O ay, that was weel enough; and if the Queen had just a *wee bodie* to christen every month, I would like my trade a hantle better."

"*Wee bodie!* thou irreverent varlet! is that the way thy master teaches thee to speak of him [James VI.] who is to be the Lord's anointed?"

"Dinna blame my maister, Sir; I meant nae ill; it's just our Bucklyvie gate o't. I'll ca' him the *wee king*, if it's to please you."

"The young prince, you unmannerly scullion."

"Scullion, said you? Without meaning any offence either to you or my maister, I would rather, from what I have seen, be a scullion in a king's kitchen than a minstrel in his ha'. A

scullion is aye sure o' meat, *soup*, and wages; a scullion may get fat by licking his fingers, a minstrel never; and had I my ain will, I would rather turn a speet i' the kitchen, than twang a harp in the ha'."

"Why, youngster, thou hast learned of the scoffing poets who have written scandalous verses impeaching the bounty of their royal masters; I fear you would make a better jack-pudding than a minstrel."

"Jack Puddin', said ye? odd, I like the name sae weel that I wish I was yet to christen!"

"And what may the name be, youngster, that you're so ready to part with?"

"There's naething like meat about it, just plain Watty M'Owat," said the youth, putting his hand to a tuft of hair that hung over his forehead.

"How old are you?"

"I'm aulder than ye wad think, or I wad like to tell; my mother used to say that my growth was a' downwards, like the tod's tail."

"I would think thee old, and, from thy readiness of tongue, to have a little of the tod's head as well as his tail about thee."

"We Bucklyvie fouks hae aye a word or twa to gie to a frien', though we should hae naething else to spare him."

"Now, Watty, would you no rather have been a tailor than the trade you have taken up?"

"I'm no fond of tailoring. It wadna agree with me to be cowrin' a' day like a taid on my hunkers."

"There are rich tailors in Stirling, my lad; tailors who have built bridges and gifted them away with the spirit of princes. There's Spittal for instance."

"Spittal! odd that's him that made my faither's deil's dress."

"His satyr's dress, thou gocæ's head!"

"Weel, weel! ony head you like, but they ca'd it his deil's dress about Bucklyvie."

"How did they know anything about it at Bucklyvie? and how in the name of wonder did your father come to enact such a' part at Court?"

"I'll tell you a' that, if you'll gie me time. My faither, wha is a wee daft whiles (I may just as weel tell you mysel' as let other folks do't), is kent owre a' the kintra side as 'Davie Souple-shanks,' and he is weel named; as for jumping and dancing, he hasna a match on a' the water o' Endrick. The Court folks heard o' him and sent for him to Stirling; and he took me wi' him as a kind o' gillie to take care o' Weazel (that's our shelty), and do ony odd things he wanted. And trouth I had plenty to do, for beside himsel' I had some other dells or satyrs, as you call them, to wait upon; and as the time drew on, there was an unco hurry-scurry among them. Some of their dresses didna fit. The tailors in their haste had ta'en owre lang steeks, and something was aye gaun wrang. Ane of my faither's horns cam aff aboot the time the play was to begin; another's cloven foot had been made owre little, and wadna let in his real foot, so I had to rin like to break my neck to Spittal's, to get the horn and the clout sorted. But when I got there, I found such a crowd collected, and some crying out for this ane's dress, and some for that ane's dress, that I had nae way o' getting near the tailors but by creeping through atween the bowlie legs o' a dour-looking auld Highlandman, who was standing wi' a beard hanging frae his chin like a shelty's tail, and a drawn dirk in his hand, swearing he wad drive it to the hilt in some o' their wames if he didna get his chief's doublet in five minutes. Every one was louder than anither, and a' crushing to be foremost, while the tailors' elbows were flying as if they had the *fiercie*. Spittal himself at last got up and told them that as he could not get on wi' the Queen's orders, he had sent to the castle to complain, and in a short time a dozen o' Her Majesty's archers cam' and cleared the warkshop: (he has an awful trade yon man Spittal, nae wonder he can build brigs.) Weel, after matters were a wee quiet, I went up to the captain o' the guard, and told him in humble guise wha I was, and all about the dance o' the dells; but, says I, till I get back wi' the *clout* and the *horn* that belongs to twa o' the souplest amang them, there's no a dell will get dancing a step, and the sport that the Queen has set her heart upon will be a' spoiled. The captain laughed and

told me to follow him, and he took me to Spittal, and made him sort the horn and the clout himsel', and I trow I wasna lang o' getting them, and aff I cam at the gallop, the captain telling me to be sure and let him know when the deil's dance was to begin, as he wished to see it. When I got back to the castle I found Halbert Gray in his minstrel's dress, walking up and down the passage, wi' my faither on the one side o' him without his head-piece, and the deil that wanted the clout on the other, a' very impatient for my return. I told them how I had managed, and the minstrel was so well pleased that he gied me a plack to mysel', and hearing that the dance was about to commence, I ran off and told the captain, a fine jocular young gentleman, in a handsome green dress, and a cloak a' skinkling wi' silver, wha gied me half-a-merk, and told me that when I had nothing to do I might go to the guard-room an' see what was going on. I went for want o' a better job, and found a number o' ladies in masques dancing wi' the archers, but as there was nae meat amang them but comfits and wine, which they keepled to themselves, and the fire being maist out, I thought I wad gang awa' and seek some better neuk about the palace. So as deil's bairns are said to hae deil's luck, I chanced to see a door a wee on the jar, and looking in, wha's there but my faither and his neebour dells returned frae their dance, and sitting cheek-for-chow wi' Halbert Gray and the other minstrels in their fine silk dresses, taking their supper; and weel I wat the meat and *soup* wasna scant amang them. I thought some o' them might hae minded me; but when aue's no minded by others, it's time they should mind themsel's; so seeing a tosh-looking venison-pie standing on a chair, I slipped in, and taking it up, took my place behind my frien' the minstrel, and, as he had already gi'en me a plack, I thought he might gi'e me something else; so I never failed, when I saw him lift the cup o' sack to his mouth, to gi'e him a dunt on the elbow, till he turned round as snappish as an auld grey-hound, and asked what I wanted? 'Naething,' said I, 'but just to tell me where I am to put this bit cauld pie.' 'Put it where you like, you unmannerly cub, but don't plague me.' I did not think it civil after such an answer to ask

any more questions, so I slipped off to a dark corner, as I thought the best place I could put it was beneath my ain doublet; and I trow it went down so kindly, that before I was half done I wished my skin had been made o' raw plaiding. Being weel set by for meat, I began to look about me for *soup*, and seeing a flagon of ale standing upon a bink, which a flunky had set down, I laid my lugs in't, and took sic a waught at it, that I began to think that my throat had grown a *hugger*. 'Now, Watty,' thinks I to mysel', 'you may bid the deil claw the clunget for *at least* ae turn o' the orloge.' So I slipped awa' to be out o' harm's way; but I needna has fashed mysel', for it was a night on which meat and drink was free to ony body that could lay hands on't. So I went back to see how my faither and his friends were coming on; but I had scarcely got the length o' mysel' into the room, before I saw that the minstrels were a' fou', and the deils no muckle better. My faither and Habby Gray were sitting wi' their arms round each ither's necks. The Frenchman, or Pan as they called him, who was maister o' the deils or satyrs, was standing on a chair singing a French song. Some had their masques off, and some had their masques on; at one corner sat the bowlie Highlandman wi' the beard, and his dirk stuck in the table before him, to show that he thought himself among friends,—at another corner sat the Queen's fule wi' a monkey on his shouther, and his son dressed like a wee fule, sitting on his knee,—two half-drunk lords, in grand embroidered suits, stood arm in arm behind, making sport of the company, and laughing at a drunk minstrel, who was tooming a pot of sack over the face of a sleeping satyr. When I saw them a' in sic a state, and likely soon to be waur, thinks I to mysel', 'Watty, how's your faither to get to Bucklyvie the night?' For hame he had to be; for Laird Kay had a wager on his head, to jump against a Highland piper at Kippen for twenty merks,—and if he didna keep tryst, the laird wad loss his siller. So I began to jog up him and his crony; but a' that I could get, was Habby's harp to carry to his quarters. This was soon done, but when I came back I had to help Habby himself hame; and I trow I found my share o' him

more troublesome to manage than his harp; however, we got him fixed at last. 'Now,' thinks I, 'the warst job's before me, but I maun set a stout heart to a stey brae.' I got my faither out as far as the passage, and was leading him to the dressing-room to get off his deil's dress, and get on his ain—but na, he took a bee in his head that he would ride hame in his dancing claes, and a' that I could say against it was of no use. The two half-drunk lords, who seemed to be wandering about the castle in search of sport, cam' up and took his part, blawing in his lug about his being the souplest deil in the hale squad—and advising him to ride hame in character. My faither, as I told you, is a wee daft, and when he gets a drap in, he'll neither lead nor drive ony gate but his ain—and noo, when he had two lords to egg him on in his folly, I might just as weel try to turn Stirling castle, as turn him frae his purpose. So awa we set down the Castle-hill, wi' the lords laughing behind us, and we twa trying our best to keep the croun o' the causey. We got at last to my uncle's, wha is deacon o' the maltmen, but, had you seen what an uproar was in the house, when they saw the fearsome-like figure I had brought wi' me! I ran back again to the castle and brought his claes;—yet a' wadna do; and I had just to put the saddle on Weazel, who happens to be rather a long-backit beast, and got my faither on before me, covering as much of him as I could wi' his plaid;—which I fastened about his craig wi' a stout boddle prin. The night was stormy, wi' a sprinklin' o' dry drift in the blast, and what wi' the wind, and what wi' his horns, his bonnet wadna stick on. 'Odd Watty,' says my uncle, 'I think we'll be dung at last.' 'No yet,' said I, 'as lang's I've a gully in my pouch; so I cuts twa slits in the bonnet for the horns to get through, and clapped it on his head, where it stuck as firm as a pan-lid; and my uncle lent us his horn bouat to cast a blink o' light before us, which my faither, right or wrong, would carry, though he could not keep his nose from the horse's mane, and was daudin the bouat against the beast's neck every minnte. Thinks I, this way o' riding will never do, I maun try another gate o't; so I got haud o' the satyr's tail, that my faither had on, and drew it

through beneath me, and, keeping the end o't fast in my hand, I held him firm up in his seat, and awa' we scudded through the drift as if we had been riding a broose. From the air and exercise, my faither began to come to himsel'; and, finding this, I thought it would be best for me, before we came to our ain house, to alip aff and warn my mither and the bairns o' the frightsome-like figure o' my faither, in case they might be scared out o' ony sma' gumption they had. So, when Weasel came within scent o' his ain corn kist, I took my leave; and it was weel I did so, for, when he came in hauding the bonat before his *fause* face, and showing the horns sticking through his bonnet, they a', except my mither, yelled and ran like hunted hares to the readiest hole or corner they could get, and my faither, after dancing his new court step, and shaking his tail twa three times round the fire, went off to see his crony Peter Neets, the tailor. But, as soon as they got a glimpse o' him at Peter's, the wife jumped head-foremost into the *mart* barrel, while the tailor himsel' made a claught at the *sweys* and ran up through the reek, and out at the hole in the roof, yelling like a wild cat. My faither thought this the wale o' sport, and slipped about frae house to house, till there was sic a screeching, and rinnin, and roaring as had never been heard before in Bucklyvie since it was a toun."

Watty now paused as if he had finished. "Well, youngster," said the old steward, "you have told us a long story, and all, I dare say, very true, but you have not yet said how you happened to engage with the minstrel."

"Weel, since you maun ken," resumed Watty, "it was nae doing o' mine. My faither's deil cantrips had become the common clash o' the kintra-side, and I had made some rhymes about him, which he was weel enough pleased with at first, till some of his companions put him in a pet about them, and then I had hardly a dog's life o't. So the next time Habby Gray came to see the Laird o' Buchanan, he ca'd on my faither, and the twa made a bargain, but what it was I never heard; but, when Habby's gaun awa, my faither claps his harp on my back and turns me adrift, wi' naething but a gowf in the lug to keep my pouch wi'."

"That seems hard usage, my young friend," said the steward; "but let us hear the rhymes, and then we'll be able to say more about it."

At the urgent desire of the steward and all present, Watty placed the harp between his limbs, and, after twanging away for some time, by way of symphony, and in waggish imitation of his master, sung the following lines to an air which, though not altogether devoid of music, had yet so strong an expression of the ludicrous about it, that it seemed to the ears of the company very much like an attempt to burlesque the lofty profession of which the unwilling youth had thus been constrained to become a member:—

THE DEIL O' BUCKLYVIE.

Nae doubt ye'll hae heard how daft Davie M'Ouat,  
Cam' hame like a deil, wi' an auld horn bouat;  
His feet they were cloven, horns stuck through his bonnet,  
That fley'd a' the neibours, when'er they looked on it;  
The bairns flew like bees in a fright to their hivie,  
For ne'er sic a deil was e'er seen in Bucklyvie.

We had dells o' our ain in plenty to grue at,  
Without makin' a new deil o' Davie M'Ouat;  
We hae dells at the sornin', and dells at blasphemin';  
We hae dells at the cursin', and dells at nicknamin';  
But for cloots and for horns, and jaws fit to rive ye,  
Sic a deil never cam' to the town o' Bucklyvie.

We hae dells that will lie wi' ony deil breathing;  
We're a' dells for drink when we get it for naething;  
We tak' a' we can, we gie unco little,  
For no ane 'll part wi' the reek o' his spittle;  
The shool we ne'er use, wi' the rake we will rive you:  
So we'll fen without ony mae dells in Bucklyvie.

Though han'less and clootless, wi' nae tail to smite ye,  
Like leeches when yaup, fu' sair can we bite ye;  
In our meal-pock nae new deil will e'er get his nieve in,  
For among us the auld deil could scarce get a livin'.  
To keep a' that's gude to ourselves we contrive aye,  
For that is the creed o' the town o' Bucklyvie.

But dells wi' Court favour we never look blue at,  
 Then let's drink to our new dell, daft Davie M'Ouat;  
 And lang may he wag baith his tail and his bairdle;  
 Without skaith or scorning frae lord or frae lairdie!  
 Let him get but the Queen at our fauts to connive aye,  
 He'll be the best dell for the town o' Bucklyvie.

Now, I've tell't ye ilk faillin', I've tell't ye ilk faut;  
 Stick mair to your moillin', and less to your mant;  
 And sibblins ye'll find it far better and wiser,  
 Than traiken' and drinkin' wi' Davie the guizar;  
 And never to wanthrift may ony dell drive ye,  
 Is the wish o' wee Watty, the bard o' Bucklyvie.

"Well, Watty, since that is your name," said the steward, "instead of a gowf i' the lug, had you been a son of mine, I would have turned you adrift with as many marks of the lash on your back as there are strings to the harp. Shame upon you for a graceless vagrant that could thus lampoon the bones that begot you."

"Hoolie a wee, Sir—Souple-shanks, as they ca' him, is nae father o' mine, he's only my *stappy*; my mither's gudeman like; and, except being a M'Ouat, he's no a drap o' blood related to me. And I think the usage was just hard enough, to ane that had served him so long, and got nothing but cuddy's wages, heavy wark and sair banes for his trouble."

"That indeed alters the case a little; but surely you scandalise your townsmen, when you say they cannot sit with a friend without drinking."

"Sit without drinking! They're no exactly my words, but they're no far frae my meaning. Did you ever see a leech sit on a timmer leg, Sir?"

"No, youngster, I confess I never did."

"Weel then, till ye see a fairly o' that kind, never expect that a Bucklyvie man will sit whar there's nae drink gaun."

Watty then betook himself to a corner near the fire, from whence he began to treat the party to the music of the trumpet, or Jew's harp. Thus engaged, the time drove on, till the pipes struck up the tune known in the castle as the "dinner gathering"—a summons which, on all occasions, was obeyed

with alacrity. After this very important matter had been despatched, and the hall put in evening order, the family circle began to be again formed round the cheerful blaze.

"Watty, my lad," said old Bunch, "you've been giving us a little music on the Jew's harp.—Do you like it better than your master's harp?"

"It's easier carried, Sir."

"Do you sing to it, youngster?" said the steward.

"I would rather sing to the skirl o' a frying-pan than either the Jew's or my maister's harp; for, I think, there's baith meat and music in't, as the dog said when he ate the piper's bag."

"Your master," continued Bunch, "does not think much of your music; he says you're far behind wi' the harp."

"Far behind, said ye? odd I dinna ken what he would hae, I'm aye at his heels wi't."

"I don't know, but he seems to think you behind somehow or other."

"He'll be meaning that the harp is behind me, which is oftener the case than me behind it."

"What, my little Hempy, you're trying to play the wag with me! Then I must punish you by making you get behind the harp and sing us a song, not the one you sung last night; you must give us something new."

As all present seconded Bunch's proposal, Watty crawled forth like a spider from his corner, and taking the harp, placed himself in the centre, and after performing obeisance to his auditors, in imitation of his master, thus went on:

#### THE HARP AND THE HAGGIS.

At that tide when the voice of the turtle is dumb,  
And winter wi' drap at his noose doth come,—  
A whistle to make o' the castle lum  
To sowf his music sae sairie, O!  
And the roast on the speet is sapless an' sma',  
And meat is scant in chamber and ha'.  
And the knights hae ceased their merry gaffaw,  
For lack o' their warm canarie, O!

Then the Harp and the Haggis began a dispute,  
 'Bout whilk o' their charms were in highest repute :  
 The Haggis at first as a haddie was mute,  
 An' the Harp went on wi' her vapourin', O !  
 An' lofty an' loud were the tones she assumed,  
 An' boasted how ladies and knights gally plumed,  
 Through rich gilded halls, all so sweetly perfumed,  
 To the sound of her strings went a caperin', O !

"While the Haggis," she said, "was a beggardly slave,  
 An' never was seen 'mang the fair an' the brave ;"  
 "Fuff ! fuff !" quo' the Haggis, "thou vile lying knave,  
 Come tell us the use of thy twanging, O ?  
 Can it fill a toom wame ? can it help a man's pack ?  
 A minstrel when out may come in for his snack,  
 But when starving at hame, will it keep him, alack !  
 Frae trying his hand at the hanging, O !"

The twa they grew wud as wud could be,  
 But a minstrel boy they chanced to see,  
 Wha stood list'nin' bye, an' to settle the plea,  
 They begged he would try his endeavour, O !  
 For the twa in their wrath had all reason forgot,  
 And stood boiling with rage just like peas in a pot,  
 But a Haggis ye ken, aye looks best when it's *hot*,  
 So his bowels were moved in her favour, O !

"Nocht pleases the lug half sae weel as a tune,  
 An' whar hings the lug wad be fed wi' a spoon ?"  
 The harp in a triumph cried, "Laddie, weel done,"  
 An' her strings wi' delight feel a tinkling, O !  
 "The harp's a braw thing," continued the youth,  
 "But what is a harp to put in the mouth ?  
 It fills na the wame, it slaiks na the drouth,—  
 At least,—that is *my* way o' thinking, O !

"A tune's but an *air* ; but a Haggis is *meat* ;—  
 An' wha plays the tune that a body can eat ?  
 When a Haggis is seen wi' a sheep's head and feet,  
 My word, she has gallant attendance, O !  
 A man wi' sic fare may ne'er pree the tange,  
 But laugh at lank hunger though sharp be her fangs ;  
 But the bard that maun live by the wind o' his sangs,  
 Wae me, has a puir dependence, O !

"How often we hear wi' the tear in our eye,  
 How the puir starving minstrel, exposed to the sky,  
 Lays his head on his harp, and breathes out his last sigh,  
 Without e'er a friend within hearing, O!  
 But wha ever heard of a minstrel so crost,—  
 Lay his head on a Haggis to gie up the ghost?  
 O never, since Time took his scythe frae the post  
 An' truntled awa to the shearing, O!

"Now I'll settle your plea in the crack o' a whup;—  
 Gie the Haggis the lead, be't to dine or to sup:—  
 Till the bags are weel filled, there can nae drone get up,—  
 Is a saying I learned from my mither, O!  
 When the feasting is owre, let the harp loudly twang,  
 An' soothe lika lug wi' the charms o' her sang,—  
 An' the wish of my heart is, wherever ye gang,  
 Gude grant ye may aye be thegither, O!"

"Well, Watty," said Bunch, "I'm not much of a judge of thy craft, but thou seemest a little roughish at the business; yet in time thou mayest get better acquainted with it."

"Odd, Sir, what can the like o' me expect? there's mony that has been langer at the trade that canna mak saut to their kail, and whaur the kail is to come frae is a mystery to me. If you had heard the complaints they were making at the banquet, it would have made your heart sair. I sat down on a bink beside sax o' them, and every ane's tale was waur than anither's; ane o' them, wha had sax patrons, a' lords, and nae less, had only got twelve merks for the last twelve months, frae the whole o' them. Anither had tramped fifty miles up through the Highlands, to play and sing at a chief's wedding, and a' he got for his trouble was a pockfu' o' meal, a wee kebbock, and a score of eggs, with the intimation that if he cam back again, he wasna to expect to be sae weel paid. Now, hearing a' these things, Sir, you needna be surprised if I took a heart scad at the harp."

"Thou seem'st to look about thee, friend Watty, and on that account I have hopes of thee, lad, that thou'lt come to good. Do you say your prayers now, Watty?"

"I say twa every night, a long ane and a short ane."

"What may they be, my good lad?"

"Odd, Sir, I'll tell you the short ane, but I aye keep the lang ane to mysel'."

"Well."

"It's 'God be gude to them that's gude to me.'"

"Very well,—a good Scotaman's prayer,—but now, Watty, last night you told us all that happened among the satyrs, and the minstrels, but you did not say a word about what took place among the great folks in the banqueting-hall."

"You're jeering me now, Sir, the like o' me wasna let across the door-step. If you want to ken, you maun ask my master; he'll tell ye a' about it."

#### A CUT WORSE THAN A BURN.

DR Y—— of P——, and Rev. Mr L—— of E——, were on a journey together, perhaps to assist a brother on the occasion of the dispensation of the sacrament. When in the dressing-room, Mr L—— remarked, as Dr Y—— was shaving himself, "That's no the way they do in our country—they singe sheep-heads." "So I see," said the Doctor, lifting the artificial scalp from the head of Mr L——.

#### AS COOL AS A CUCUMBER.

ON the line of railway between Arbroath and Dundee, there is [1852] one of the most polite guards that ever, with thumb and finger, touched brim of beaver or cap. The evening train, from some cause or other, required to stop at one of the wet docks before entering the station at Dundee, when an English passenger, thinking that the carriages had reached their destination, stepped out, and fell into the dock below, many feet deep; but being an excellent swimmer, he kept himself afloat. The guard hearing the plunge, went to the spot, and holding up his lantern he looked about for a short time, until he should ascertain whether the gentleman or lady was visible; when he observed him he said, rather coolly, as the gentleman thought, "I see ye, Sir! I see ye! just hover about a blink, and we'll soon tak' ye out."

## PERSONAL ACCOUNT.

THE late Dr Stewart of Erskine, had a keen debate with a gentleman who contended strongly for the infant moral perfection of the human race, and held that the doctrine of original sin was a clerical fiction. "Well, well, Sir, hold your opinion, as you appear determined to do; but let me remind you, that ye have as much actual transgression as, if unatoned for, will settle you at any rate."

## PROOF AGAINST INJURY.

HAWKIE entered the shop of one of his almoners while the process of painting was undergoing. "Take care of your clothes," said the attendant at the counter. "Na," retorted the wit of tattered attire; "tak' care o' your paint—it's mair likely to be damaged by me, than I'm by it."

## A BEGGAR'S GRATITUDE.

AN old mendicant made, with bonnet in hand, the beggar's appeal to a clergyman, who was well known to the supplicant. The minister put a piece of silver into his hand, which raised to a high pitch the expression of gratitude. "Thank ye, Sir! Oh thank ye! I'll gie ye an afternoon's hearing for this ane o' thae days."

## SEEING'S BELIEVING.

No class of persons are so observing of the state of the weather as farmers; and these operative agriculturists, if of ordinary intelligence, may be considered as weather-wise men, and may safely be consulted.

A Lanarkshire farmer had been, as he thought, misled by his barometer, which had indicated good weather for several days; but the sky would have its own way, and poured down its liquid treasures in more than usual abundance; the farmer in a rage took down the atmospheric indicator, and going to the door, held out the glass, saying, "Will ye no believe your ain een?"

## EQUAL SAUCE AND SOLID.

"You see," said an English gentleman, who appeared to take his dinner with extraordinary gusto, to a Scotchman dining at the same table, "that I take a great deal of butter to my fish." "Ay, an' a deevilish deal o' fish to your butter too."

## THE HECKLER.

ABOUT 40 years ago (1852), the late Mr M'Crone, factor in the Isle of Man, where he resided till his death, was, and had long been famed as a most intelligent and acute law-agent and messenger-at-arms in Glasgow. As such, he was extensively and respectably employed in the recovery of debts, considered doubtful or desperate. His success in this last department, and the knowing and adroit means adopted by him to accomplish it, made him the fear and dread of many who were in any respect *vergens ad inopiam*—and so vigorous as well as rigorous were his measures, that various names or titles were bestowed on him, characteristic of the various opinions entertained of his actings by those who suffered his correction, or by those neighbours who sympathised with the unfortunates who complained of it.

The office, or place of business occupied by him, was in a close or entry on the east side of the High Street, a little way above the Cross; it consisted of two apartments in a back land, up a short wooden stair, leading off the stone one used for the front land. On reaching the wooden stairhead, a massive door obstructed farther advance; but on a visitor knocking with his *knuckles* (no knocker or bell being there), permission to enter was given by the voice of some one inside calling aloud, "Come in," or "Push up," leaving the visitor either to stand still, or by vigorous exertion to remove the *vis inertiae* of the heavy door, and a ponderous iron weight running through a rusty pulley behind, to force his body into the outer room, whilst, in doing so, the noise and skreeching sound of the rusty apparatus was portentously insufferable.

On the west side of the High Street there were, in these days, a great many shops occupied by lint dealers and hecklers; and

among these, was a well-frequented snuff-shop, kept by Willie Alexander, for so he was familiarly named. Willie was given to practical joking, and practised sometimes with complete success. On a weekly market day in Glasgow, one Wednesday forenoon, as Willie was standing at his shop door, a decent country-man, with a bundle on his back, came down the street, and addressing Willie said,

"Ken ye, sir, whaur I could fa' in wi' a guid Heckler hereabouts?"

Willie, who saw that a joke might be attempted with every chance of success, looked somewhat seriously at the man, and said, "'Deed it's no every lint-stripper hereabouts ye can lippen to, gudeman; but if I had a job o' the kind, I think, there's ane I could depend on, no far aff, if he would undertak' it."

This preface induced the man to tell Willie—" 'Deed, man, it's a pickle lint I want heckle't for our wife at hame. It's our ain growin', and *real guid*, and we want it right done, 'at we do; and it will oblige us greatly if ye can airt us to your frien'."

Willie on this told the honest man "That his friend, M'Crone, straight opposite, was one of the *best hecklers* in the town; but ten to one," says Willie, "if he'll meddle wi't, as he has got rich, and they say, he's about leaving aff business; but ye can just leave your lint wi' him and try;" and after telling him how to get into the office, the man went off.

On getting to Mr M'Crone's stairhead, and rapping, hearing the cry, "Come in; push up the door," the man, putting his shoulder and the bundle of lint against it, sent it up in a hurry, with its creaking sound like wee-wee-wee, resembling the unearthly squeak of the railway whistle, and then bounced forward into the room, leaving the door to shut by the impetus of the ponderous weight behind, which it instantly did, with a bang which shook the whole house, and set several young men in the room a-staring; one of whom, who seemed to be master there, asked the poor man what he meant or wanted.

The man looked somewhat bewildered at the rapid motion and frightsome noise of the door, got confused, and said, "Is

Mr M'Crone in?" and being told he was, but that he was engaged with some person in the inner room, the man insisted on seeing him; this was refused, however, as Mr M'Crone was said to be very particularly engaged, and likely to be occupied for some time, on which account he was desired to come back in an hour or so after. On being told this, the man loosed from his shoulders a sheet in which he had the lint bundled up, and threw it down on the floor, saying, he had come with it from the country for Mr M'Crone's particular care, and would come back and see him about it.

After his departure, Mr M'Crone, who thought the bundle might be sent as a present from some one, patiently waited the man's return, and on seeing him, and finding that he was a stranger, asked him whose lint it was, when the man answered in a quiet conciliating manner, "'Deed, sir, it belongs to our wife and me; it's a pickle we grew oursel's; it's as guid as ever grew, and we're earnest that ye *wa'd do it justice*, ye see."

This address was quite mysterious and incomprehensible to Mr M'Crone, who, somewhat nettled, asked the man "what in all the world he meant by doing it justice?" on which the man said somewhat timidly, "Just heckle't weel, ye ken!"

Mr M'Crone on this got enraged, and ordered the man forthwith to take up his bundle and be gone.

The man, however, told Mr M'Crone "That he was not to be made a fool o' in this way—that he would pay him weel for his trouble," and urged him to get it done.

Mr M'Crone on this became outrageous, and was for thrusting the man out of his room, when the man said, "I see it's true what they tell't me; ye're getting aboon your trade, and you'll soon lose your employment if you gang on at this gate; ance mair I offer, if you do it weel and soon, I promise to pay you weel for't, as your neighbours assure me 'you're the best Heckler in the whole town.'"

Mr M'Crone, after a little, saw the poor man had been imposed upon. He learnt that it was a trick of Willie Alexander, and often afterwards laughed heartily at it; and he got the man and his bundle forthwith sent to a real lint Heckler hard by.

## AN ALIBI PROVEN.

TWO of the co-presbyters of the late (1852) Rev. Mr Douglas, Kilbarchan, were dining with him, and ere they reached home, the evening had closed in, and the luminary of the night was either away in the nether hemisphere, by previous engagement, or the ribband-breadth of illuminated surface was of no use to the reverend gentlemen.

One of them, Rev. Mr T——, stumbled in the dark over one of those piles of broken road-metal, which usually adorn the margins of the turnpike, as many casualties can bear testimony to.

Rev. Mr L——, the younger of the two, assisted in lifting him up, and it was found that the concussion had forced out of his pocket a case containing a pair of very valuable spectacles.

A very diligent search was made for them, but in vain; they made the best of their way to a cottage, and made known their case. The inmates promised to make a diligent search for them in the morning, which they did, and were successful.

Mr L——, when telling the mishap afterwards to Mr Douglas, said, "We were a little ashamed of the affair, as we conceived it possible for Scandal, with her trumpet tongue, to publish that we had been too hospitably entertained."

"Oh," said Mr Douglas, "they might have thought you drunk, but it was impossible to say so of Mr T——." "Why?" "Because," replied Mr D——, "Mr T—— was evidently two glasses out of pocket."

## DEATH NOT A SCARECROW.

ROBIN DOUGALL, beadle in the United Presbyterian Church, Duke Street, Glasgow, nearly half a century ago (1852), was teased by some striplings, who said to him, that he would surely be feared that he must soon die—as he had outlived considerably the "three and ten" of the Hebrew poet. "Fley'd," says Robin, "no, no! there's no mony *auld* folks dee."

## CLERICAL COURTSHIP.

A REV. GENTLEMAN in the Church of Scotland, now deceased (1852), had prepared, with great care, a series of discourses on the parable of the ten virgins, and had made use of them rather longer than some of his brethren thought them entitled to.

On the evening of a communion Sabbath, when assisting a brother clergyman in the same presbytery, one of this series was delivered, which the minister's ears had previously listened to oftener than he wished. When the services were over, and on their way to the manse—"Man, John," said the minister, "ye should gie up thae virgins, for they're really auld maids now."

## A DISAPPOINTED HISTORIAN.

NOT a quarter of a century has elapsed since Stirling's Library, in Glasgow, had for librarian a dry handler of folios, whose sarcasms were very sententious.

The author of a History of France, which never has been popular, called at the library, very likely to ascertain whether the work was read, and asked whether "——'s History of France were in just now?" He got for reply, "It ne'er was out, sir."

## MATERIALS FOR WAR.

MR HENDERSON, the proverbialist, when supping with his friends, and partaking, as the terms of invitation to this closing repast of the day has it, "To take a bit toasted cheese or an egg," Mr H., when he thought the woody quality of the cheese was apparent, would say to the landlord, "Man that cheese o' yours would mak' excellent sojers o'—they would burn before they would rin."

## A REALLY DISTRESSING CASE.

"'DEED, Minister, I think shame to come to you," said an old dame who had sought the clergyman's kindly offices for the

same purpose on four previous occasions. "What's the matter, Margaret, that ye should think shame to come to me?" "'Deed, sir, its just this, I have come to seek ye to marry me again." "Well, Margaret, I do not see that ye have any occasion to think shame to come for such a purpose. Marriage, you know, is honourable in all." "'Deed is't, sir, but I hae had ower muckle o't already. I believe there never was any poor woman plaguit wi' sic deeing bodies o' men as I hae been."

## A SOCIAL ABERDONIAN.

"HAE ye ony objections to dine with me to-day?" said a commercial gentleman to an Aberdonian customer? "By no means, sir, glad to pick and dab wi' ye at ony time and wi' ony fo'k." "You have no objections to meet at dinner one o' your own craft." "No a man in Aberdeen that I canna meet. Surely it would be ill faur'd in me to object to ony person you thought proper to ask, sir; but wha is't, if there be nae fau't in speering?" "It's your neighbour John P., the draper." "Eh, is't him? to Auld Nick wi' him! the skin flint! he would tak' the flesh aff his father to mak' flannen o' to keep his ain cauld carcase warm."

## EARLY HOURS.

A GENTLEMAN called at Logan House early one forenoon wishing to see the Laird. "Oh, Sir," said the servant, "he has some company wi' him." "I am afraid that I have called too soon; they'll not have done with breakfast." "'Deed, Sir, it's yesterday's dinner that they're no done wi'."

## VERY QUESTIONABLE APPROPRIATION.

"JANET," said the minister to one of his parishioners, when going the rounds of visitation, "ye hae great reason for gratitude to Providence for a' his comforts; ye hae mair than an ordinary share o' the world's goods to make ye happy." "'Deed, Sir, we hae great reason to be thankfu' for HIS kindness; and, Sir, we tak' a sanctified use o' the blessings gien us—we live decently, and lay by the rest."

## NO NEW DISCOVERY.

A FATHER was questioning his children, one Sunday evening, on the portion of sacred writ in Genesis descriptive of the construction of the ark. "How was light admitted into the ark; glass was then unknown?" queried papa at one of the misses. "Oh! Noah just lighted the gas."

## NOT ENVIABLE LODGINGS.

"Is this you, Tammas? Man, you're no muckle changed since I left you twenty years past to gang a sodgering!" "It's just me, Davie; verra little changed for the better, I fear." "What are ye doing, man?" "Just gaun through life wi' my feet on the treddles, as when ye left. I'm married, too, like the rest o' the world." "Are ye! and wha got ye, man, to divide the cares of the world wi'?" "Do ye mind a weaver they ca'd Satan; for fo'k, in Paisley, are scarcely kent by the name in the parish books?" "Brawly do I mind Satan! mony a gill hae I had wi' him." "Weel, I'm married to the Deil's dochter, and we're just stopping wi' the auld fo'k!"

## AN ANCIENT FAMILY NOT IN BURKE'S PEERAGE.

"You're Pat Magra, I'm sure, though it's thirty years since I heard the sound of your voice." "You're right, an' it's just myself here agin among you." "How are times wid you?" "Och, cruel bad—nothing to do, and less to ate; if it goes on long this way, we may go and croak like frogs in a bog, for want of having anything else to do." "How are all our old friends?—the turf, I'm afraid, has put out the tailor." "'Deed and you're right." "How is ould Dennis? as we used to call him." "Och, well and hearty." "And Barney too, merry-hearted Barney; I hope his foot is on the top of the turf yet?" "To be sure it is, and I am right glad of it; but he's married, poor fellow." "Married is he? an' to whom did Barney buckle to? he deserved a good wife." "Yea, he did deserve it, but didn't get it; he's married to the devil's own daughter, sure!" "Ay, ay; well, it's so, is it?—then he is married into an ould ancient family."

## THE BEAVER AND THE BAUCHLE.

"I THINK I'll no be lang on this yirth," said a person overheard in an adjoining room, whose stutter indicated inebriety. "What's the matter noo wi' ye, Robin," replied the other, who was not so far gone, "will ye tell me whar you're gaun, and if it's a better place I'll gang wi' you, man?" "Dinna joke about it, Willie, for it's true; I had an awfu' dream." "Dream! ye taverit fool! wha cares about dreams?" "Ay, but this is a real true dream." "How do ye ken it's true? has't been full'd already? that's the only way I can ken whether dreams are true or no: but maybe it's a ghost that I'm speaking to: if sae, it's the first o' the kind that I hae heard o' that could stan' sax gills at a sittin'." "Will you just haud your tongue and I'll tell ye a' about it? I dream't that I was in a kirkyard, and I saw a great big open grave." "Man, that's frichtsme, Robin; but say awa'." "An' there was an auld hat lying at the bottom o' the grave, and an auld bauchle at the mouth o't, and the twa were crackin' to ane anither." "Hout! tout! tout! tout! havers, blethers, how could a bauchle speak to a hat, or a hat to a bauchle? we a' ken that there's tongues in heads, but I ne'er heard o' only in hats or bauchles afore; there's gay lang tongues whiles aneath mutches, as ye ken." "It's a dream, ye stupid block-head; will you no keep your ain tongue within your teeth till I tell't to you?" "The bauchle was lookin' down, as I thought, mae ways than ane on the puir hat, and it was sayin', 'Friend, you're low aneuch i' the world now—chang't days wi' you, wha like you wi' your birse up when you were cockin' on the bailie's pow?' 'Ay,' said the hat, 'it's chang't days wi' me, nae doubt.' 'What brought ye to sic a wafu' plicht?' said the bauchle. 'Whan the bailie brought me hame, my skin was as sleekit as the otter's, and they were sae carefu' about me, that they would scarcely let sun or win' light on me—put umbrellas aboon me when the least smur o' rain cam' on,' an' when the bailie was on the bench, there was I lying aside him on the velvet cushion, as crouse as a newly kam'd cat; but I got out o' fashion, an' anither ane was brought hame, and they

would scarcely gie me a nail to hang on, but gied my braw brass pin to the new comer, an' I was ta'en out at nicht, and in wat wather to save it, and after they had sairt themselves wi' me, they selt me to an Eerish broker, and he selt me again to a Paddie, a coal carrier: he got himsel' drunk ae nicht, and fell and clour't his ain croon, and knockit out mine; then they shew'd me up and fill'd me wi' saun, and carried me frae house to house fu' o' brayed stanes to saund their floors wi', as lang as the steeks would haud my croon thegither, and then they threw me out into the closs, and a blackguard callan tied me to a dog's tail, and he ran into the kirkyard wi' me, and I was tumbled in here. Ye seem to be sair forfochten yoursel', banchle—you're aboon me noo in the warl', time about, it's aye the way o't: sin' I hae tel't ye my sorrowfu' history, ye nicht let me hear yours.' 'It's something like your ain, beaver; we may shake hands ower our misfortunes; when I came out o' the souter's hands, wha like me? ye nicht hae ta'en aff your beard at me, instead of a glass, wi' real reflexion. Mony a bottle o' Day and Martin was poured on my outside, to gar me glitter. I was a real cordivan slipper, and my lady when she brought me hame, wad only gang on carpets wi' me, and as canny as if she were gaun on velvet. In a while she put me on to balls and routs, and my sides pay't for't there; but the worst thing for me was the kicking and flinging at Highlan reels; twa o' them did me mair damage than sax weeks, nicht after nicht, o' your scrapin', bowin', and beckin' at quadrilles. If I had my life to begin again, and had it in my power, I ne'er would gang wi' ony person to a place where they were likely to dance reels; my lady dang out my sides wi' her kickin' and flingin', and put hersel' in sic a puff o' heat, that a gliff o' win', as she gaed through the lobby, caught her by the throat, and sat down on her lungs, puir thing, and we were baith thrown on the shelf at the same time, she was buket in her deadal dress in less than three months after; the servants i' the house took me up next, and their big trampers soon finished my career; they coost me ower that window up there; it looks into the kirkyard, ye see, and here I am; that's my dream. Oh! man, Will, I believe I am gaun to dee; it's just a warnin' to me,

wow! wow!" "Havers, man, Robin, what are you *youllin'* at? —it's just a sicht o' the ups and downs o' the warl'—our ain bodies—bailies' beavers, and ladies' slippers—a' below the beaver or aboon the bauchle. The doctor may plaster and cuiter us up for a while, but the steeks that haud the fabric thegither, will gie way, rosin them as ye may; asunder we come like the poor bauchle, an' a' the art aneath the sun canna put the pieces in their places, and steek them thegither again."



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